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Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin. By JAMES PARTON. New York. 1864.

It is more than strange that, until the publication of Mr. Parton's volumes, we have had no complete record of Benjamin Franklin's life. The autobiographical fragment which he left behind him, though very valuable, is necessarily incomplete. The three portly volumes published by his grandson in the year 1818 contribute little which may not be found in the autobiography; and they lie open to the suspicion of having been tampered with for political purposes. The great work of Dr. Jared Sparks, though dealing comprehensively with Franklin's literary remains, does not add much to our knowledge of his personal and political history. Mr. Parton supplies the deficiency. His volumes are a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of Franklin's political career. They are indeed full of faults; they are intensely and painfully American; their tone is often bitter and ungenerous; they contain many mistakes and much *bunkum*; they might be condensed to half their size without any loss of real matter; but, as a painstaking endeavor to exhibit the true character and worth of a distinguished man, we give them a hearty welcome. Though an ardent partizan, Mr. Parton is honest. He tells the whole truth. He does not disguise those phases of his hero's character which lie open to criticism. But we think that he will have some difficulty in inducing the public to accept all his well-meant, but often meagre explanations.

The ancestors of Franklin, like those of Washington, lived for many generations in the county of Northampton. Washington was of gentle lineage, whereas Franklin was the descendant of a long line of blacksmiths. The smith of an earlier age, however, was no unimportant personage. He was often an artist and an inventor. The kind of work which is now done by machinery, and which has created such towns as Sheffield and Birmingham, was wrought at the village forge. So that, although we cannot claim for Franklin a very illustrious descent, we are not to think lightly of the family which, through many generations, held the farm and forge in the little village of Ecton. Tracing the line back to a more

distant age, we find some tokens of a French descent. The name was once common in Picardy, whence, in times of persecution, many refugees fled to England. Franklin's type of character was never English. There was a certain gaiety about him, even in times when sadness should have affected him, which may be attributed to his French extraction. Of his more immediate ancestors we have many a suggestive glimpse. One, who lived in the days of Mary, was a staunch Protestant, and kept a Bible under the lid of a stool, which was shut down on the approach of a spy. Another of the heirs of the Ecton forge, who was a poet as well as a blacksmith, was luckless enough to be imprisoned for a year and a day, on suspicion of having written certain verses reflecting on the character of one of the higher powers. The son of this martyr to the Muses—Franklin's grandfather—was a man of great worth and piety, much given to devout ejaculations. So highly was he esteemed by the parson of the village, that in a tithes-book still extant he is styled 'Mr. Franklin,'—no small compliment in that age. The father of Franklin, Josiah by name, had the misfortune to be the youngest son. Shut out from the heritage of the family forge, he followed the business of a dyer in the town of Banbury. It was the era of the Conventicles; and Josiah, having espoused the cause of the ejected ministers, gradually lost his trade. In or about the year 1685, he bade farewell to his native land, and, with his wife and three children, accompanied by many of his fellow Dissenters, he sailed for Boston. In this then unpretending town he found little encouragement for a dyer. He therefore set up as a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, at the sign of the 'Blue Ball,'—the very ball which now hangs at the corner of one of the streets of Boston. He prospered in business; and his family increased. Soon after the birth of her seventh child, his wife died; and in less than a year the disconsolate widower was united to the daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first settlers in Nantucket, a man of considerable learning, and a strong advocate of religious liberty. Ten children were the fruit of this union, the eighth being Benjamin, who was born on Sunday morning, January 6th, (O. S.) 1706, and carried forthwith by his father to the Old South Church to be baptized.

It was the long-cherished desire of Josiah Franklin to dedicate his youngest son to the service of the Church; and with that idea he sent him, when eight years old, to the Boston Grammar School. But the good soap-boiler had an ambition beyond his means: a professional education was scarcely possible to a lad with sixteen brothers and sisters: and so, after two years of schooling, his father took him to assist in his business, 'to cut candle-wicks, fill candle-moulds, attend the shop, and run errands,' to the poor boy's infinite disgust. What effect a long and liberal education would have had upon him it is difficult to guess. He did remarkably well without it; and his case is but one among many others which give some countenance to Lord Jeffrey's theory that an ample education is prejudicial to originality. Some of the boldest thinkers of all ages have been men whom circumstances have compelled to self culture.

Young Franklin was disgusted with the soap-boiling business. And truly there was but little inspiration in it for a lad who had tasted the sweets of learning. He longed to escape from the tallow-laden atmosphere. One brother had gone to sea; another had crossed over to England to learn the business of a printer; a sister had married the captain of a coasting vessel; and Benjamin was bent on a sailor's life. The timely arrival of an uncle from England, who brought with him many volumes of wonderful dog-grel, and sermons in short-hand, and who took much notice of his nephew, gave some check to his sea-faring tendency. But nothing would induce him to remain with his father. After trying various places throughout the city, he finally settled down in the office of his brother James, who, having returned from England, had commenced business as a printer. This new occupation was favorable to his literary tastes, and he began to read. His father's library was limited, and mainly theological. To young Franklin's mind its most precious volumes were the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Defoe's *Essay upon Projects*, and Cotton Mather's *Essays to do Good*. The last work, according to his own testimony, gave him such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on his conduct through life. A kind merchant in the city allowed him the run of his library. With such a chance before him, Franklin, in order to save money and time, turned vegetarian. His brother agreed to allow him half the money which he had been accustomed to pay for his board. Out of this, Benjamin managed not only to buy his dinner, which consisted of a biscuit and a bunch

of raisins, but also to save a small sum for books. * Two or three hours a day were stolen for reading, and the whole of Sunday was devoted to the same work. For already was that process beginning in Franklin's mind which led him to abandon the faith of his fathers, with all its restraints.

Franklin lived and died a Deist. Nor is it difficult to discover the footsteps by which he passed over from the teachings of a pious home to an avowed unbelief. He was not naturally reverent. The quality of veneration was utterly strange to him, and it never cost him a pang to renounce the creed of his childhood. When quite a boy, we find him satirising his father's custom of asking a blessing over meals, and suggesting that grace be said over a cask of pickled meat once for all. The religion of his native town was not of the most attractive order to a mind of his type. It was an intolerant Puritanism. The day of nose-slitting had gone by, but the spirit of it had not yet been exorcised. Men and women were 'obliged to confess before the congregation; no man could hold office who was not a member of the Established Church; it was a criminal offence for people to ride, or children to play, on sundays; and to worship according to the rites of the Catholic Church' was a capital crime. Some who found it irksome to remain in England under the rule of the 'lord bishops' were unable to join themselves to the church at Boston because of the intolerance of the 'lord brethren.' Among influences of this kind Franklin spent his childhood. When he was fifteen years old, some of the Lectures delivered on the foundation of Robert Boyle fell into his hands. These Lectures, which were designed to prove the truth of the Christian religion among infidels, first suggested to his mind the objections which in his case they failed to solve.

From the Boyle Lectures to Collins and Shaftesbury was, in Franklin's case, a very natural transition. He revelled in the fearless freedom of thought displayed by those writers, offering such a contrast as it did to the dry, stern dogmatism of such men as Increase and Cotton Mather, whose ministry he had been accustomed to attend. These new fountains of inspiration shed their influence over his religious creed to the last; for, though in after days his views underwent some modification, passing over from mere negations to positive principles, he was to the end of life substantially a Deist. There is a very curious and interesting relic in the hands of an American gentleman in London,—a pocket Prayer-

book, in which are a creed and liturgy, prepared by Franklin, and in his own handwriting. The book opens with a formal statement of his belief; the first article of which is, 'that there is one supreme, most perfect Being, Author and Father of the gods themselves.' This Being does not desire or expect the worship of man, though He allows it. From a race of gods vastly superior to man He receives a praise more adequate than man can offer. He is not above caring for man, and is not offended when His children solace themselves with pleasant exercises and innocent delights. Then follows a grandiloquent liturgy; which being pronounced, 'the worshipper was next to read a passage from Ray's *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, or Blackmore *On the Creation*, or Cambray's *Demonstration of the Being of a God*;' or, if he chose, to spend some minutes in silent contemplation of those subjects. Then follows a litany, which certainly does credit to the head and heart of its composer. The whole service ends with a general thanksgiving. It is believed that Franklin used this liturgy for twenty years. Afterwards he abandoned many of his more fantastical theories, and settled down into the belief of six articles: 'There is one God, the Creator of all things. God governs the world by His providence. God ought to be worshipped. Doing good to men is the service most acceptable to God. Man is immortal. In the future world, the disembodied souls of men will be dealt with justly.' He seldom attended a place of worship, though he believed in the propriety and utility of public devotion. He was once induced to attend the ministry of a Presbyterian clergyman; 'but,' says Franklin, 'his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments, or explications of the peculiar doctrines of one sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced; their aim seeming to be to make us Presbyterians, rather than good citizens. At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter to the Philippians: *Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, &c., &c., think on those things*. And I imagined, in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confined himself to five points only, as meant by the apostle: 1. Keeping holy the Sabbath day. 2. Being diligent in reading the Scriptures. 3. Attending duly the public worship. 4. Partaking of the Sacrament. 5. Paying a due respect to God's ministers. These might be all good things; but as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from

that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more.' Poor Franklin! By no means the only one who has gone to the house of God, asking for bread, and receiving a stone.

The world is generally familiar with the story of Franklin's early adventures and struggles. His life in the printing office, his first literary essay in the *New England Courant*, his quarrel with his brother, his engagement with Keimer at Philadelphia, his interview with Governor Keith, and the Governor's proposal to send him to England and provide him with the means of establishing himself as printer for the government in Philadelphia, are all well-known. The Keith episode is very curious, and is very fully detailed by Mr. Parton. When Franklin ran away from his brother's service, Captain Holmes, his sister's husband, wrote to the renegade, and urged his return. Franklin wrote a civil and elaborate reply, which fully convinced his brother-in-law that he had good reason for the course he had taken. When this letter reached Captain Holmes, he was in company with Sir William Keith, to whom he showed it. The governor was astonished at the ability which it displayed; and soon after called upon the young printer, and proposed that he should establish himself in Philadelphia. He also wrote a long letter to Franklin's father, in which he highly extolled the young man, and predicted his complete success. Josiah Franklin, wary and sagacious, questioned the governor's discretion in proposing to set up a young man of eighteen, and flatly refused to sanction the project by advancing any money. When the father's answer was given to Sir William, he at once volunteered to furnish Franklin with the needful help, and proposed that he should go to England, in order to select the needful materials. He further promised to give him letters of introduction to friends in London, as well as the necessary letter of credit. A bag of letters from the governor was put on board, and the hopeful printer sailed for England. On his arrival he found that he had been completely duped. There were no letters of introduction, and there was no letter of credit. Indeed, Sir William had no credit at all. With ten pounds in his pocket young Franklin found himself in the wilderness of London, a perfect stranger and the victim of a heartless deception. What could have been the governor's motive in the matter it is impossible to divine. He was a great popularity-hunter, and had a fascinating way with him which alway

won the people; but how such a proceeding as this could advance his interests it would be difficult to show. It is evident that he could not have meant any harm to the young man; and therefore the terms 'perfidious' and 'atrocious,' which Mr. Parton liberally uses, are inappropriate. Franklin's own comment upon the business is perhaps the best interpretation of the mystery, while it exhibits a fine spirit of charity and forgiveness. 'What,' says he, 'shall we think of a governor playing such pitiful tricks, and imposing so grossly upon a poor, ignorant boy? It was a habit he had acquired: he wished to please everybody, and having little to give, he gave expectations.' Such a comment Franklin would not have written while smarting under the mortification of the governor's deception. It was penned a long time after Keith had bitterly expiated his errors. Deposed from office, the once popular governor hung upon society for a quarter of a century, poor and neglected, 'striving to earn a little money by writing histories of the colonies.' Franklin could the better afford to pity and speak kindly of the man who had once deceived him, because to him, indirectly, he owed his future advancement. It was through Keith that he was induced to visit England, and to his residence in England he owed an introduction to many eminent men, the acquiring of a broader knowledge of business, and the position which he afterwards gained in Philadelphia.

'If he had stayed in London,' says his biographer, 'he would have been a leading publisher and member of Parliament before he was forty-five.' Such conjectures are perfectly gratuitous and innocent. Our own opinion is that he would not have risen to any particular eminence in England. He would have succeeded as a tradesman anywhere. He had just the push and thriftiness which invariably secure wealth. But he owed his political elevation solely to circumstances. His stay in London was short. In 1726, he sailed for his native land; and we find him, in 1728, after many adventures, fairly established in business in Philadelphia. His business was of the composite order. 'He was printer, publisher, bookbinder, and stationer. He made lamp-black and ink; he dealt in rags; he sold soap and live-geese feathers.' In one of his advertisements he offered 'very good sack at six shillings a gallon.' He dealt also in coffee, and other articles of home consumption. Moreover, his shop was the head-quarters of Philadelphia gossip. He was a great

advertiser. Indeed, Mr. Parton goes so far as to assert, that 'it was Franklin who originated the modern system of business advertising.' It is a wonder that Mr. Parton does not credit him with the invention of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph. He must be totally ignorant of history, or he would remember that in the days of Queen Anne, and as far back as the reign of Charles II., public advertisements were largely used by tradespeople and quack-doctors for commending their wares. We believe, however, that he is right in saying that Franklin 'invented the plan of distinguishing advertisements by means of little pictures, which he cut with his own hands.' The credit of this wonderful discovery no one will be inclined to refuse him. By dint of advertisements and personal industry, he soon found himself the master of a flourishing business. The *Pennsylvania Gazette*, of which he was the editor and proprietor, was incomparably the best paper published in the colonies. *Poor Richard's Almanack* reached an average sale of ten thousand copies annually. In a day when sectarian tracts poured in torrents from the press, he was the favourite publisher for the clergy. Every work of interest that was published in England, he imported; and many of the more popular works he reprinted. The public printing of the provinces of New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, fell to his office; and he had some share in that of Virginia, New York, the Carolinas, and Georgia. His school-books, his hand-books of farming, agriculture, and medicine, his numberless small pamphlets, all contributed to swell his gains. So that, after spending twenty years in business, he found himself the owner of an estate which brought him seven hundred a year, and a printing establishment, the annual profits of which were two thousand pounds.

He was then in a position to devote some time to self-improvement. He had already devoted some time to the study of French, Italian, and Spanish; his theory being that 'the true order of acquiring languages is, the modern first, and the ancient afterwards,'—a theory which Mr. Parton regards as most valuable, but which we accept rather as a fruit and illustration of the superficiality of Franklin's acquirements, his bigoted adherence to this theory led him to discountenance the teaching of Greek and Latin in the high school of Pennsylvania, of which he was the principal founder. Happily for the *alumni* of the school, Franklin's influence was not so

powerful as to silence the common-sense opposition of those who contended for the good old fashion of an elementary Greek and Latin education. His progress in the Italian tongue was facilitated by his love of the game of chess. 'A friend, who was also learning the Italian, often lured him from his books, by challenging him to play at this game. At length he refused to play any more, except upon condition the victor should impose a task upon the vanquished, such as learning a verb or writing a translation, which task should be performed before the next meeting. As they played about equally, they beat one another into the acquisition of the Italian language.' But his favourite subject of study was Nature. The most common-place phenomena suggested inquiry, and found full occupation for his fertile mind. The bearing of physical science upon domestic comfort was his favourite topic of thought; and it had its fruits in the invention of the Franklin stove, and many other useful appliances.

He was not long allowed to enjoy the delights of well-earned leisure. His exertions to place the province of Pennsylvania in a position for self-defence, had pointed him out as a man on whom the public service might profitably lay hold. He was appointed justice of the peace. The corporation of Philadelphia elected him to the function of alderman. The citizens chose him to represent them in the Assembly. The Assembly of Pennsylvania was in earlier days a very simple and primitive body. The members used to take their dinners with them to the House. Sometimes they would solemnly adjourn to warm themselves. Absentees were fined tenpence, the clerk was paid four shillings a day, and the House itself was a school-room, rented at twenty shillings the session. Laws were passed, forbidding the drinking of healths, and the spreading of false reports. But when Franklin was elected, the Assembly had become a body of considerable dignity, indeed, quite a little parliament; though its main business seems to have been to 'bother, torment, and frustrate' the governor, who was always appointed by the proprietaries, and could be removed only by them. Soon after his election, he was appointed postmaster-general of America, and thus became an officer of the crown. Into his new department he introduced many reforms. He quite regenerated the postal system of the colonies, and made it a very profitable branch of the public service. But more important work

awaited him. It was the eve of the Seven Years' War. It had long been the darling desire of the colonists, and especially of those of New England, to expel the French from North America. 'The French interfered with their fisheries. The French estranged their Indians. The French threatened the Western country. The French were the natural enemies of Britons. The French were Roman Catholics. And, to conclude the list of grievances, the French, by the middle of the last century, had grown to be formidable. They held all Canada, claimed the valley of the Mississippi, and were preparing to hem in the English by a line of forts, from Niagara to the Gulf of Mexico.' As soon as it became clear to the mind of Franklin that the French meant war, he drew up a plan for the union of the colonies; and published an article on the subject, illustrated by 'one of those allegorical woodcuts of which he was so fond. It was the picture of a snake cut into as many pieces as there were colonies, each piece having upon it the first letter of the name of a colony; and, under the whole, in capital letters, appeared the words JOIN OR DIE.' This plan of union, which was remarkably similar to that on which the States were afterwards organized as one nation, was almost universally approved by the colonists. There was some opposition, however; and the home-government rejected it as being too democratic, and as making the colonies too formidable.

Shortly after the defeat and massacre of General Braddock's army, an old dispute between the Assembly of Pennsylvania and the proprietaries of the province reached its crisis. The district of Pennsylvania was confirmed to William Penn and his descendants by royal charter. In return for this magnificent grant of 'twenty-six million acres of the best land in the universe,' the proprietaries were to deliver annually at Windsor Castle 'two beaver skins, pay into the king's treasury one-fifth of the gold and silver which the province might yield, govern the province in conformity with the laws of England, and as became a liege of England's king.' The province was ruled by a governor, whose hopeless task it was to serve three masters,—'the proprietaries, who could take away his office; the Assembly, who could withhold his salary; and the king of England, who could cut off his head.' Among other things he was strictly enjoined to veto every tax bill which did not expressly exempt from taxation the immense estates of the Penns. This monstrous meanness on

the part of the proprietaries, especially in relation to those war taxes which were necessitated by the cost of defending Pennsylvania, had often exasperated the Assembly. Several respectful remonstrances had only called forth insulting replies; and, goaded by the obstinacy and arrogance of the Penns, the House passed a resolution to the effect 'that a remonstrance should be drawn up and sent home, setting forth the true state of Pennsylvania, and representing the pernicious consequences to the British interest, and to the inhabitants of that province, if, contrary to their charters and laws, they were to be governed by proprietary instructions.' The Assembly further resolved that Benjamin Franklin should be requested to go to England, to urge and procure the redress of their grievances. The sum of fifteen hundred pounds was voted for his expenses, and he prepared to sail. Owing, however, to the strange dilatoriness of Lord Loudoun, the commander-in-chief, the vessel in which he had booked his passage was not able to sail for five months after the specified time. On the evening of July 26th, 1757, Franklin found himself again in London.

His first business was to see the proprietaries. He found them sententious, haughty, and totally disinclined to acquiesce in the views of the agent. He then tried to procure an audience with William Pitt, but it could not be done. 'The first man of America,' says Mr. Parton, 'could not get access to the first man in Europe. The only man in the British Empire fit to be Mr. Pitt's king or colleague, was unable to approach his person.' His was almost a hopeless case. During two years he labored without advancing a single step, such was the influence of the proprietaries, and the popular prejudice on the side of prerogative. The project of converting Pennsylvania into a royal province was abandoned, and Franklin devoted himself to the gaining of two points — 'the equal taxation of the proprietary estates, and the deliverance of the Assembly from proprietary instructions.' The passing of a bill in the Assembly for granting to his Majesty the sum of £100,000, by a tax on all estates, stirred up the Penns to appeal to the king in council. A preliminary report, drawn up by a committee of the council, recommended that as this bill was 'manifestly offensive to natural justice, to the laws of England, and to the royal prerogative,' it should be repealed. This most ominous report threatened to spoil all the agent's diplomacy. By a clever compromise he obtained a modification of

it, which was sanctioned by the king. This compromise was equivalent to a victory; for by it he established 'the principle that the proprietary estates were to contribute their just proportion of the public revenue.' The Penns were shorn of their prerogative; and though they continued to annoy the province down to the time of the revolution, a limit was put to their misgovernment. When the revolution broke out, they sold their chartered rights for one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, the British government settled upon the head of the family four thousand a year, and they vanished from history.

The tedium of his diplomatic business was relieved by many a pleasant jaunt, and by the society of the wit and intelligence of the metropolis. 'I find,' writes Franklin, about this time, 'that I love company, chat, a laugh, a glass, and even a song, as well as ever; and at the same time relish better than I used to do the grave observations and wise sentences of old men's conversations.' Those were the days when a second bottle was almost the *sine quâ non* of a gentleman's meal; and Franklin, though better pleased with a moderate allowance, was quite equal to the responsibilities of the times. His diary tells of a pleasant visit to Cambridge, where he was fêted by the dons; another to the home of his ancestors; another to the University of St. Andrews, which conferred on him the Doctor's degree which is now invariably associated with his name. The corporation of Edinburgh gave him the freedom of their city. Hume, Robertson, and Lord Kames sought his society. Leisure hours were spent in experiments in natural philosophy, the study of music, penetrating glances into the 'chaos of geology,' and the like. Nor was his pen entirely idle. Many articles and pamphlets, on all sorts of subjects, were published during his residence in England.

In the spring of 1762 he prepared to return to Philadelphia. Oxford, as a parting compliment, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. A still greater compliment was paid to him by Lord Bute, the favorite of the king. Through his influence, the governorship of New Jersey was given to William Franklin, the doctor's son. This piece of patronage seems to have been unsolicited and unexpected. Nor was his own country behindhand in recognizing his services. The Assembly of Pennsylvania voted him three thousand pounds, and their thanks. But trouble was brooding. The peace of Paris was signed in February, 1763. In making this peace, one of

the great belligerent powers had not been consulted, — the North American Indians. They knew nothing about European diplomacy, and therefore continued to ravage the colonies as they had done during the Seven Years' War. So ruthless were their barbarities that the name of Indian was loathed and execrated by every white man on the continent. Fanaticism suggested that the example of the Israelites should be followed, and that the bloody race should be destroyed. A party of horsemen surrounded a small village of Indians, who were living in perfect peace with the white man. There were but twenty of them left, — seven men, five women, and eight children. It happened that only six of these were at home. They were killed and scalped, and their village burned to the ground. The other fourteen were collected by the magistrates, and lodged in a place of safety. But an entrance was forced, and the unhappy creatures, clinging to the knees of their murderers, and protesting their love of the English, were butchered in cold blood. This atrocious deed was but coldly disapproved by the people of the province, and a powerful party applauded it. Franklin wrote an indignant and eloquent protest, and appealed to the better feelings of his countrymen; but to no purpose. A party of some hundreds of fanatics, armed with hatchets and rifles, set out for Philadelphia, sworn to destroy one hundred and forty Moravian Indians who had sought refuge in the city. The governor, John Penn, in the utmost straits, appealed to Franklin for advice and help. Franklin at once formed an association for the defence of the city, and put himself at the head of an extemporized regiment of a thousand men. Riding out to confer with the insurgents, he showed them the impossibility of their success. Even the Quakers, who would not bear arms, had been working day and night in the trenches, for the protection of the Indians. The insurgents were convinced, and retired. But the governor resented his obligation to Franklin, set at nought his advice that the ringleaders of the murderous band should be brought to justice, truckled to their party, and postively put his hand to a proclamation offering the following bounties: — For every captive male Indian, of any hostile tribe, one hundred and fifty dollars; for every female captive, one hundred and thirty-eight dollars; for the scalp of a male Indian, one hundred and thirty-four dollars; *for the scalp of a female Indian, fifty dollars!* This atrocious proclamation was approved, and a powerful coalition, with the governor

at its head, was formed against Franklin. The effect of this coalition was soon felt. At the election in October, 1764, he lost his seat in the Assembly, by a majority of twenty-five against him.

But he lost none of his power. The first business of the new Assembly was to appoint him to the office of agent of the Assembly, that he might manage the affair of the petition to the king in favor of constituting Pennsylvania a royal province, and convey to the ministry in England the views of the Assembly on the proposed Stamp Act. The nomination was strongly opposed, — all the energies of the proprietaries were taxed to prevent the appointment, — but in vain. Franklin was appointed agent; the capitalists of the city subscribed £1,100 for his expenses; and within twelve days after his election, escorted by three hundred citizens on horseback, he left Philadelphia, and took passage for England. On his arrival he found that the impending Stamp Act was the all-absorbing topic with the colonial agents. This Act, which was 'the wedge that rent an Empire asunder,' and which, as Mr. Parton justly observes, 'was curiously adapted to puzzle and disgust a people accustomed to simple modes of procedure,' contained fifty-five articles. The following is a summary of it:

'It laid a tax of threepence upon every piece of parchment or paper on which should be printed or written a legal declaration, plea, replication, rejoinder, demurrer, or other pleading usual in any common court of the colonies. Upon a special bail bond, the duty was two shillings. Upon any chancery pleading, one shilling and sixpence. Upon each copy of the same, threepence. Upon every document relating to proceedings in ecclesiastical courts, one shilling. Copy of the same, sixpence. Upon every presentment to a benefice, two pounds. Upon a college degree, two pounds. Upon Admiralty court documents, one shilling. Copies, sixpence. Upon appeals, writs of error, and similar papers, ten shillings. Upon various other writs, no longer in use, five shillings. Upon judgments and decrees of court, four shillings. Upon a common affidavit, summons, or subpoena, one shilling. Bill of lading, fourpence. Letters of marque, one pound. Upon an appointment to an office worth twenty pounds a year, ten shillings; if worth more than twenty pounds a year, four pounds. Upon every grant or privilege bearing the seal or sign manual of a governor, six pounds. Liquor licences, four pounds. Wine licences, four pounds. A licence to sell both wine and liquor, three pounds. Letters of administration, five shillings. Bond to secure payment of ten pounds or less, sixpence; twenty pounds, one shilling; forty pounds, one shilling and sixpence. Warrant for surveying one hundred

acres of land, sixpence; two hundred acres, one shilling; three hundred and twenty acres, one shilling and sixpence. Deeds and conveyances, from one shilling and sixpence to five shillings. Leases, contracts, and covenants, two shillings and sixpence. Warrant for auditing a public account, five shillings. Mortgage, two shillings and threepence. Pack of cards, one shilling. Pair of dice, ten shillings. Newspaper, on half a sheet of paper, one halfpenny; whole sheet, one penny. Pamphlets, equal to six sheets octavo, one shilling. Advertisements, two shillings each. Almanacs, twopence. Translations of any document, twice the duty charged upon the original. Upon premiums paid by apprentices for learning their trade, sixpence in the pound, if the premium did not exceed fifty pounds; if more than fifty pounds, one shilling in the pound.'

All Franklin's efforts to prevent the introduction of this measure were unavailing. He sought an interview with Mr. Grenville, the head of the administration, and, in company with three other colonial agents, was introduced to that statesman. In this interview the agents pleaded the principle, that there should be no taxation where there was no representation; and that if the colonies were to be taxed, the tax should be levied by their own parliaments. The minister was inexorable, the bill passed the House of Commons by an immense majority, and there was not even a division upon it in the Lords. Nobody, not even Franklin, seems to have had any idea that the colonies would resent the measure. The sum likely to be raised was but one hundred thousand a year, and seemed too trifling to create any strong feeling. In writing to a friend a few weeks after the passing of the Act, Franklin clearly shows that he did not expect or desire any resistance on the part of his countrymen: 'I took every step in my power to prevent the passing of the Stamp Act; but the tide was too strong against us. The nation was provoked by American claims of legislative independence, and all parties joined in resolving by this Act to settle the point. We might as well have hindered the sun's setting. That we could not do. But since it is down, my friend, and it may be long before it rises again, let us make as good a night of it as we can. We may still light candles. Frugality and industry will go a great way towards indemnifying us. Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments.' But the effect in America was tremendous. The colonists resolved to consume no British manufactures, to wear home-spun, to live with the ancient frugality. On the arrival of the English commissioner, the bells were muffled and

tolled, his house was threatened, and he was compelled to resign. The enemies of Franklin lampooned him, as though he were responsible for the Act. Caricatures appeared, representing the devil whispering into Franklin's ear, 'Thee shall be agent, Ben, for all my dominions.' The new house to which Mrs. Franklin had just removed was in danger from the mob; and Governor Franklin hastened to Philadelphia, to persuade the inmates to take refuge in his house at Burlington. The news of this disaffection produced great excitement in England. Edmund Burke, the newly appointed secretary to Lord Rockingham, the Prime Minister, threw himself into the question. Six weeks of the parliamentary session were spent in hearing evidence at the bar, in committee of the whole House. The most prominent among those examined was Dr. Franklin. For many hours he faced the most searching inquiries, and acquitted himself with great distinction. 'What,' said one of the questioners, 'used to be the pride of the Americans?' 'To indulge,' said Franklin, 'in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain.' 'What is now their pride?' 'To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones.' This was the last question; the committee rose, and the question was virtually settled. 'The ministry,' says Franklin, 'were ready to hug me for the assistance I had given them.' Burke spoke of Franklin's examination in the warmest terms, and the Rev. George Whitefield wrote: 'Our worthy friend, Dr. Franklin, has gained immortal honor by his behaviour at the bar of the House. The answer was always sound equal, if not superior, to the questioner. He stood unappalled, gave pleasure to his friends, and did honor to his country.'

The king was notoriously opposed to any repeal of the obnoxious Act. But there was no avoiding it. A motion for repeal was brought on by Mr. Conway, and seconded by Mr. Grey Cooper. Pitt spoke with the brilliance of former days, and Burke was never so eloquent. The House sat till four in the morning, and the motion was carried by a majority of one hundred and eight. Thirty-three of the Lords opposed the repeal, but it passed their House by a majority of thirty-four. The news was greeted in America with almost frantic delight. The captain of the ship that brought it was presented by the citizens of Philadelphia with a gold-laced hat; a punch-bowl was kept replenished all day, that every passer-by might drink to the health of the king; the city was illuminat-

ed; and three hundred gentleman resolved that on the next birth-day of His Majesty they would array themselves in a new suit of English manufacture. In his absence Franklin was elected as one of the representatives of the city by a majority of thirty-four votes. The king himself was personally aggrieved by the repeal. No secret was made of his mortification. A Declaratory Act was passed, by way of propitiation, the purport of which was to claim the absolute supremacy of Parliament over the colonies. But it failed to satisfy; and in a few months after the repeal the Rockingham cabinet was ousted by the Court party. In the very next session, Mr. Charles Townsend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, driven on by the courtiers, and encouraged probably by the king, declared that a revenue must be had out of America. He prepared a scheme of taxation, remarkable for its finely-spun ingenuity, and its evident purpose to please all parties. The colonies instantly resented the new scheme, and America was again thrown into ferment. Franklin did all in his power to represent the case of his country in a true light to the people of England, and by counsels of moderation and forbearance to soothe the angry spirit of the colonists, and heal the breach. His exertions were appreciated by his countrymen. The provinces of Georgia, New Jersey, and Massachusetts appointed him their London agent.

Up to this time Franklin was loyal to his king. He had no desire for the severance of the colonies from England, and no expectation of such an issue. He deplored the misunderstandings which had arisen, and hoped for better days. But an event occurred, which opened his eyes to the true state of things, and drove him to measures which ended in revolution. This was the celebrated business of the Hutchinson letters. Mr. Parton's details on this point are full; and they supply much interesting information. It appears that at the latter end of 1773 Franklin, in conversation with a member of Parliament, severely condemned the king's ministry, for having quartered troops in the town of Boston, for the purpose of compelling obedience to hateful measures. The member replied that the offensive policy did not originate with the ministry in England, but with the Americans themselves; some of the most respectable of them having suggested and solicited the employment of force. By way of confirming a statement which excited the total disbelief of Franklin, his friend brought to him in a few days a

packet of letters, from influential persons in New England, urging the home government to repressive measures. Six of these letters were from the pen of Thomas Hutchinson, who was then the governor of Massachusetts, a native of the colony, and a graduate of Harvard. Four of the letters were written by Andrew Oliver, the lieutenant-governor, and the rest by other officers of the crown. On reading these letters, Franklin was dismayed to find that they urged the two measures most offensive to the people of Massachusetts,—the quartering of British troops in Boston, and the dependence of the principal officers of the crown upon the home government for their salaries. He at once asked permission to forward the letters to Boston; and they were enclosed in his regular official letter to the Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the Massachusetts Assembly. They were circulated very freely for some months, and excited universal indignation and disgust. In the following June they were read to the House in secret session, amid breathless silence; and the result was a formal petition, praying the king to remove the governor and his lieutenant from office. This petition was at once forwarded to Franklin, who sent it to Lord Dartmouth. With the exception of a courteous letter from his lordship acknowledging its receipt, no notice was taken of it for five months.

In the meanwhile, the question began to be mooted in the newspapers, 'How were these letters obtained?' They had been written to Mr. Wheateley, a member of Parliament, recently deceased. Suspicion fell upon Mr. Wheateley's brother and executor. He in his turn suspected Mr. Temple, an officer of the customs, 'who had sought and obtained access to the papers of the deceased, for the purpose of taking therefrom certain letters of his own and of his brother's.' As the result of this suspicion, a duel was fought between Wheateley and Temple, in which the former was wounded. Franklin was out of town at the time. On his return, hearing that a second duel was probable, he wrote to the *Public Advertiser*, declaring that he alone had obtained and transmitted the letters to Boston. This declaration he hoped would end the affair. But he was mistaken. A fortnight after, he received official notice that the Lords of the Committee for plantation affairs would meet on the Tuesday following, to consider the petition for the deposition of Hutchinson and Oliver, and that the attendance of the agent of the Assembly of Massachusetts

was required. The council met. The agent of the governor and lieutenant-governor gave notice to Franklin, the day before, that he had obtained leave to be heard by counsel before the Lords of the Committee. It was too late then for Franklin to engage counsel, and further proceedings were therefore postponed for three weeks. The interval was spent by both parties in marshalling their forces. Franklin retained the services of John Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, who had the reputation of being the most distinguished and the ugliest member of the English bar. Of consummate ability as a reasoner, his success was marred by a voice 'so husky and choked with phlegm, that it refused utterance to the sentiments which were dictated by his superior intelligence.' Wedderburn, the solicitor-general, a man with 'a talent for invective,' was retained on the other side.

'On the morning of the appointed day, the official world at the west-end of London was all astir. Never before had there been such a concourse of lords in the Chamber. Thirty-five members of the Privy Council attended, a number which Mr. Burke said was without precedent in his recollection. The Lord President Gower was in his place. Lord North, the premier, was there; with most of his colleagues. The Archbishop of Canterbury attended. Americans, and members of the Opposition, were present in considerable numbers: Lord Shelburne, Mr. Burke, Arthur Lee, Ralph Izard, Dr. Bancroft, and the barristers, Mr. Dunning and John Lee. Israel Manduit attended on behalf of his friends, Hutchinson and Oliver. Jeremy Bentham, not yet the absent, short-sighted, shambling old man we read of, but young, alert, and eager, contrived to get into the room. Chance procured admission for Dr. Priestley also. . . . Dr. Franklin stood in one of the recesses formed by the chimney, where he remained during the session, motionless and silent. He wore the flowing wig, which was still the mode among elderly gentlemen. His dress was a uniform suit of the material then called Manchester velvet, spotted.'

Mr. Dunning opened the case. His business, he said, was simply to present the petition of the Assembly. He had no charge to make, and no evidence to adduce. The Assembly did not demand justice at the hands of the king. They simply asked a favour. Then followed Wedderburn. For about a quarter of an hour he dwelt upon the abilities and administration of Hutchinson. Three-quarters of an hour he devoted to Franklin. His leading points were: 1. That the whole of the misunderstanding between Hutchinson and the Assembly was caused by Dr. Franklin's officious interference; 2. That the letters were, in the fullest sense of the

word, private letters; 3. That they must have been stolen by Dr. Franklin; and, 4. That Dr. Franklin's motive was to become himself governor of Massachusetts. With such a programme, and 'a talent for invective,' Wedderburn delivered one of the most indecent and disgraceful harangues that are to be found in the pages of modern history. Burke denounced it as 'beyond all bounds and decency;' Lord Shelburne spoke of it as 'most scurrilous invective;' and Jeremy Bentham likened it to a 'pitiless storm.' The mild Dr. Priestley was so disgusted with it 'that when Wedderburn advanced to speak to him, he turned his back upon him, and hurried out of the room.' The behaviour of the Lords of the Council was as outrageous as that of the solicitor-general. 'No person,' says Dr. Priestley, 'belonging to the council behaved with decent gravity, except Lord North.'

The report of the committee declared that the resolutions of the Assembly were inflammatory and precipitate,—that the Hutchinson letters, which were private and confidential, had been surreptitiously obtained,—that they contained nothing reprehensible,—that the petition was groundless, vexatious, and scandalous, calculated only for purposes of sedition,—and that therefore it should be dismissed. It was dismissed accordingly. A few days afterwards Franklin received a letter from the postmaster-general, 'informing him in brief, official language, that the king had found it necessary to dismiss him from the office of deputy postmaster-general in America.'

There can be but one opinion as to Franklin's conduct in this business. No officer of state can plead the privacy of a letter in which he utters sentiments traitorous to his country, and false. Earl Russell, in his *Memorials of Charles James Fox*, says that it is 'impossible to justify the conduct of Franklin.' We prefer the verdict of Bancroft: 'Had the conspiracy which was thus laid bare aimed at the life of a minister or the king, any honest man must have immediately communicated the discovery to the secretary of state: to conspire to introduce into America a military government, and abridge American liberty, was a more heinous crime, of which irrefragable evidence had now come to light.' But even if Franklin were guilty of a breach of confidence, no government could have been justified in subjecting him to the insolence of Wedderburn and the outrage of an uproarious council. If no respect had been shown to him in his personal character, it should have been remembered that he was the representative of

a people as yet loyal and devoted to the crown. We do not wonder that Franklin left the council that day an altered man,—that he put off the suit of spotted Manchester velvet, never to wear it again until as the American plenipotentiary in Paris he signed the treaty of alliance between France and the new Republic of the United States.

America was now lost for ever to the British crown. In looking back upon the events of that day nothing seems so strange as the apathy of the English people. The headstrong obstinacy of the king is intelligible:—he was mad. The conduct of the ministry can be explained:—it was weak, if not venal, and wedded to the throne. There were statesmen of high principle and brilliant talent. But even the magnificent appeals of the Earl of Chatham and Edmund Burke failed to rouse the English mind to anything like interest in the threatened secession of a country numbering some millions of people, and with a trade of upwards of six millions and a half. But whatever the apathy of England, America was alive. The Congress met, and resolved to make one united, solemn appeal to the justice of the king, whom from childhood they had been taught to revere. The documents drawn up were of the utmost dignity, moderation, and pathos. They did not contain a single resentful word. Franklin's last official act in England was the delivery of the petition to Lord Dartmouth, for presentation to the king. It met with no favor. The House received it with contempt, and dismissed it by an immense majority. The magnificent speech of the Earl of Chatham failed to change the tone of parliament. But though the ministry assumed a bold front, it entered upon a series of secret and subtle negotiations with Franklin, with a view of effecting an amicable arrangement of the dispute with the colonies. Mr. Parton seems to think that the government sought to win over Franklin by tempting offers of remuneration. This does not appear from the history. The remuneration offered was simply the proper compensation for the time and labor likely to be spent by him in conducting the business of reconciliation. But it was impossible to come to terms, and he prepared to embark. Rumors were afloat as to the propriety of arresting him, and to the last he was under apprehension of being prevented from sailing. His fears, however, were groundless. He embarked without molestation, on the twenty-first of March, 1775, and bade farewell to England for ever.

Passing over the history of the next two

years, which were devoted to the preliminaries of independence, we find Franklin elected as one of three plenipotentiaries to represent the United States at the court of France. There had been for some time an impression that France was looking with favor on the proceedings of the colonies. This impression was strengthened by a singular circumstance. The Congress received a message to the effect that a foreigner had arrived in Philadelphia, who was anxious to make a confidential communication. A committee was appointed to meet him. To this committee 'a lame, elderly man, of dignified military bearing, whose accent was that of a Frenchman,' was introduced. He delivered a message that the king of France entertained the most friendly feelings towards the American colonies, and that money or ammunition would be supplied as they might need it. When pressed to give his authority for these statements, the mysterious stranger drew his hand across his throat, saying, 'Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head.' Though nothing further could be got from him, the committee concluded that he was really an emissary from the French Government. Acting upon this impression, the secret committee resolved to send an agent to France. Mr. Silas Dean was chosen for this delicate work. He was to assume the character of a merchant, but was also to put himself in communication with M. de Vergennes, the minister for foreign affairs. By and bye 'an extensive edifice, called the Hotel de Hollande,' which had been for some time unoccupied, was taken by what was supposed to be a mercantile firm under the name of Roderique Hortalez and Co. In reality, the firm was the French and Spanish government. The plan adopted 'was one of the most ingenious pieces of statecraft ever devised. The idea of giving aid to the colonies was abandoned, and the scheme was formed of founding a great commercial house in Paris, for the sole purpose of selling to Congress the warlike stores they needed.' The allied kings of France and Spain were to furnish the capital of the house, each contributing one million francs; and the house was to be permitted to take cannon, muskets, and ammunition from the royal arsenals, to be paid for or replaced at convenience. As the Americans had no money, payment was to be made in tobacco, indigo, and rice. The manager of this house was Beaumarchais, the celebrated adventurer. The whole scheme was organized for the purpose of deceiving the English ambassador, the French court not choosing as yet to risk a

war with England. Within twelve months the firm of Hortalez and Co. despatched to the Americans eight shiploads of warlike stores, valued at more than six millions of francs. But at the end of this period American affairs wore a threatening look, the French government began to despair, Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, got wind of the transactions of Hortalez & Co., and the Count de Vergennes was compelled to issue orders to stop all the ships loading for America. The cause of the colonies seemed to be *in extremis*.

At this crisis the envoys of the Congress appeared in France. The fame of Franklin had preceded him, and his appearance created quite a sensation. All Paris turned out to see the old man of seventy, whose rustic dress and antique simplicity seemed to reproduce a sage contemporary with Plato, or a republican of the age of Cato and of Fabius, and who, as it was said, joined to the demeanour of Phocion the spirit of Socrates. France went mad after the new 'sensation.' 'Such was the number of portraits published of him, that one of his great-grandsons in Philadelphia has been able, even at this late day, to collect one hundred and fifty of them, few of which are duplicates.' Several medallions were struck, some for the lids of snuff-boxes, and some so small as to be set in rings. Franklin's first business in Paris was to restore confidence in the American cause among its Parisian friends. Five days after their arrival the envoys had an interview with the Count de Vergennes. The minister gave them but little encouragement. France was not ripe for a war with England; and all that he could do was to offer them, in strict confidence, a loan of two millions of francs, without interest. Their request for a loan of eight ships of the line was at present out of the question. This was not very assuring, especially as the news from the colonies was adverse. The envoys themselves seem to have been driven to despair. Their appeal to the Spanish government failed, and the Dutch gave no sign. But even at this juncture they met, and 'solemnly and formally agreed that, come what might, they would stand by their cause and by one another.' To this agreement was appended the following note:—'It is further considered that in the present peril of the liberties of our country, it is our duty to hazard everything in their support and defence: therefore, resolved unanimously, that if it should be necessary to the attainment of anything in our best judgment essential to the defence and support of the

public cause, that we should pledge our persons, or hazard the censure of the Congress, by exceeding our instructions, we will, for such purpose, most cheerfully resign our liberty or life.'

Then came the news of General Burgoyne's surrender, and Washington's spirited attack on the British forces at Germantown. The effect was electrical. Beaumarchais, like a true Frenchman, 'ordered his carriage, and drove towards Paris at such a furious pace that the vehicle was overturned, and one of his arms dislocated.' The immediate effect of the news was to decide the French court on the question of a treaty with the United States. A long time was spent in tedious preliminaries, the result mainly of the equivocal conduct of Arthur Lee,—one of the envoys, and the evil genius of the American mission in France. However, on the 6th of February, 1778, the envoys met M. Gerard, the agent of the French ministry, and solemnly affixed their signatures to three documents: a treaty of amity and commerce; a treaty of alliance; and a secret article, providing for the admission of Spain to the alliance, if that power should desire it. The treaties were, for a time, to be kept secret. The American envoys, however, urged the French government to avow the alliance. After six weeks they were successful; notice was given to them that they would be presented to the king on the 20th of March. The preparation for this ceremonial discloses a picture which flashes out of the chaos of diplomacy. Dr. Franklin—

'began his preparations by ordering a wig; since no man had yet dared to contemplate the possibility of exhibiting uncovered locks to a monarch of France. Mr. Austin used to say, that not only was the court costume exactly prescribed, but each season had its own costume; and if any one presented himself in lace ruffles, when the time of year demanded cambric, the chamberlain of the palace would refuse him admission. Readers of Madame Campan remember her lively pictures of the intense etiquette which worried the soul of Marie Antoinette in those very years. So Dr. Franklin ordered a wig. On the appointed day, says tradition, the perruquier himself brought home the work of his hands and tried it on; but the utmost efforts of the great artist could not get it upon the head it was designed to disfigure. After patiently submitting for a long time to the manipulations of the perruquier, Dr. Franklin ventured to hint that, perhaps, the wig was a little too small. "Monsieur, it is impossible." After many more fruitless trials, the perruquier dashed the wig to the floor, in a furious pas-

sion, exclaiming, "No, Monsieur; it is not the wig which is not too small; it is your head which is too large."

It was too late to procure another; and so Franklin determined to approach the Majesty of France without a wig. He also discarded the sword and the chapeau, and presented himself 'in a suit of plain black velvet, with the usual snowy ruffles at wrist and bosom, white silk stockings, and silver buckles.' The astonished chamberlain hesitated, but only for a moment; and, says Mr. Parton, 'all the court were captivated at the noble well-timed effrontery' of the envoy.

Another story is told of Franklin. There was a session of philosophers at the Academy of Sciences. 'The meeting was attended by Voltaire and Franklin, who sat near each other on the platform in full view of the audience. At a pause in the proceedings, a confused cry arose, in which could be distinguished the names of the two favourites, and which was interpreted to mean that they should be introduced. This was done. They rose, bowed, and spoke to one another. But the clamour did not subside; the people were evidently dissatisfied; something more must be done. They shook hands. Even this was not enough. At length the words of the clamour were distinguished: '*Il faut s'embrasser, à la Française.*' 'You must embrace, French fashion.' Then, says John Adams, who witnessed the spectacle, 'the two aged actors upon this great theatre of philosophy and frivolity embraced each other by hugging one another in their arms, and kissing each other's cheeks; and then the tumult subsided.' Another month, and Voltaire lay dead.

The tone of the English government was now changing. Secret emissaries were sent to Paris to sound Franklin on the subject of the French alliance, and to learn on what terms, short of independence, he was authorized to treat for peace. Their mission was fruitless. Nothing but independence would now meet the case. A strange packet was thrown into the window of his residence at Passy, written in the English language, but dated 'Brussels,' and signed 'Charles de Weissenstein.' But the letter was evidently composed in England, and with the knowledge of the authorities. It offered a new constitution to America. The judges were to be chosen by the king, and made peers. A congress was to assemble once in seven years, or oftener, and its proceedings were to be transmitted to the British parliament. Offices, pensions,

peerages, were to be offered to Franklin, Washington, Adams, and others. The letter further suggested a personal interview with Franklin, or, if that were impracticable, that he should prepare an answer, which should be delivered to the writer, who would be at a certain part of the Church of Notre Dame on a certain day, with a rose in his hat, and who would deliver the said answer into the hands of the king. Franklin prepared an answer; but in conference with the French minister it was decided that it should not be sent. An agent of the police, who was set to watch for the mysterious correspondent at Notre Dame, reported that, at noon, a gentleman appeared at the place appointed, and, finding no one, wandered about the church, looking at the altars and pictures, but never losing sight of the spot, and often returning to it, gazing anxiously about, as if he expected some one. The grounds on which Franklin concluded that this mysterious letter came from the king are not known; but he affirmed that he *knew* that the king had something to do with it.

However popular the American envoys might be in Paris, they were by no means at peace among themselves. On Mr. Deane's recall the whole truth came out, and it appeared, ultimately, that Arthur Lee had been plotting against his colleagues, and exciting the most unjust suspicion against them. There was much in the mysterious proceedings of Beaumarchais to countenance this suspicion. Deane was so disgusted with his reception in America, that he abandoned the new cause, which he had served faithfully, and accompanied the notorious Arnold to England; where, after some brief sunshine, he died in extreme poverty. Lee went so far as to accuse Deane and Franklin of stealing despatches. But a triumph was at hand for Franklin. The envoys had strongly recommended that only one plenipotentiary should be appointed to each court. Lee fully expected that the post at Paris would be given to him. Congress accepted the suggestion of the envoys, and, to Lee's chagrin, elected Dr. Franklin to represent the United States at the court of France. Lee was made envoy to Spain. This arrangement did not put a stop to the dissensions of the envoys. The case was again brought before Congress. A committee was formed. A strong faction clamoured for the recall of Franklin, and the appointment of Lee in his stead. This project would have been realized, had it not been for the French ambassador. Owing to his

vigorous influence Franklin was confirmed in his post; the other three envoys were recalled.

Unfettered by the dishonorable machinations of Lee, Franklin discharged the onerous and protracted functions of the embassy with great distinction. This is no small praise. Upon his shoulders rested the credit of the young republic. In all emergencies Congress appealed to him. He, in his turn, appealed to the Count de Vergennes, who always came to his rescue. Only on one occasion did the generous minister fail. Franklin was instructed to ask for a loan of *twenty-five millions of francs*. This was too much for the already exhausted treasury of France. But, while unable to lend so large a sum, the minister stated that the king was willing to grant the sum of six millions as a free gift. The total sum obtained from France by Dr. Franklin was twenty-six millions of francs. 'Without knowing it,' says Mr. Parton, 'Franklin helped to bleed the French monarchy to death.'

The plenipotentiary managed to relieve the tedium of diplomacy by a gaiety which even seventy-five years had not diminished. He was enchanted with the French, and enchanted them in turn. Surrounded by a most brilliant literary circle, courted by statesmen, philosophers, and beautiful women, maintaining a correspondence with many of his friends in England, and enjoying the sunshine of a universal popularity, he was not crushed by the labors of his office, or even by the sorrows of his country. At one time we find him reading a paper on the *Aurora Borealis* before the Royal Academy of Sciences; again, he is playing at chess with the old Duchess of Bourbon, and joking about the taking of kings; again, he is sunning himself in the society of the young and beautiful queen, and showing her some electrical experiments. Nor was the old gentleman quite free from the flirtations which the French society of that age sanctioned. His relations to the celebrated Madame Helvétius were highly ridiculous.

The negotiations which terminated ultimately in peace, and in which Franklin held a prominent position, are affairs of history, and do not call for comment. He was then nearly seventy-eight, and applied to Congress for recall. More than a year elapsed before his resignation was accepted. At length, on March 7th, 1785, a resolution was passed, allowing 'the Honourable Benjamin Franklin, Esquire, to return to America.' His last official act in Europe

was the signing of a treaty with Prussia, which Washington designated 'the most original and the most liberal treaty ever negotiated between independent powers.' He was warmly welcomed on his return to Philadelphia. By a vote of seventy-six out of seventy-seven of the Executive Council and the Assembly, he was elected President of Pennsylvania, and was installed in office with great ceremony and solemnity. He was twice re-elected to the office, and would have been elected a fourth time but for the Constitution of the State. Though on the verge of eighty-four, he busied himself with many benevolent enterprises, plied his pen with the vigour of earlier days, and charmed society with his gaiety and humour. At length, worn down by a terrible disease, but maintaining his serenity to the last, he passed away, casting his dying glance upon a picture of Christ, of which he was wont to say: 'That is the picture of one who came into the world to teach men to love one another.'

Such was the man whom America delights to honor, and to whose memory Mr. Parton had raised these two goodly volumes. It is not to be expected that we should endorse the American estimate of his character. We are not likely to fall into the extravagant adulation which assigns to Franklin some of the most original theories of Adam Smith; which ascribes to him the celebrated fancy of Macaulay respecting the New Zealander, and the no less celebrated sentiment of Warburton, 'Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy;' which represents him as the only man in England fit to be the great Earl of Chatham's king; and places him on a level with Shakspeare and the world's greatest men. Such extravagances may be pardoned in an American, whose traditions are but recent, and whose household names are necessarily few. An English estimate of Franklin must be sober and comparative, and it can afford to be unprejudiced too. The bitterness with which Franklin regarded the country which once did him honor, and the rancor which prompted him to array France in arms against her people, are faults which may be forgiven in an exasperated patriot, and which no honorable man would allow to prejudice his views. We question whether the name of Franklin ever suggests to an Englishman one bitter memory or one ungenerous thought.

Judged by his own estimate of himself, Franklin should rank with the noblest and best of men. At the beginning of his autobiography he declares that if it were left to

his choice, he should have no objection to live his life over again, even if not allowed the author's privilege of correcting in a second edition the faults of the first. This was the calm deliverance of a man of sixty-five years of age. It indicates either an enormous self-conceit, or an utter insensibility to his many faults. A careful study of the workings of his inner life reveals the fact that Franklin's moral sense was dull. Obliquities of conduct over which a morally sensitive man would shed bitter tears, he pronounces *errata*, and writes of them with perfect indifference. He introduces the story of his faults as one who had little idea of their unworthiness, and seems even to take credit for a frankness which a man of purer type would regard as a bold sanction of sin. Throughout his whole history there is visible the play of the poor proverb: *Honesty is the best policy*. We question whether Franklin ever rose above this. Honor and virtue were to be cultivated, not for their intrinsic beauty, — not as graces of the heavenly, — but as qualities which would pay, giving peace and repose to the mind, and winning the respect of the world. But no life in which virtue is looked upon as a *policy* can ever be great. Nor can that life, the religion of which is made up of negations, be rich in those genial and holy instincts which a positive faith inspires. If society were modeled on the morality of Poor Richard, it would become worthless and reprobate. A pounds-shillings-and-pence morality would be a greater curse to a nation than any which the annals of civilization disclose.

Many students of his life have noted his lack of deep and generous feeling. A story which he tells himself is a case in point. During his first residence in London, he engaged lodgings at the house of a poor widow, who was a cripple. For the sake of the protection of having a man in the house, she consented to charge him the very small sum of three-and-sixpence a week. 'My always keeping good hours, and giving little trouble in the family, made her unwilling to part with me; so that when I talked of a lodging I had heard of nearer my business, for two shillings a week, which, intent as I was on saving money, made some difference, she bid me not think of it, for she would abate me two shillings a week for the future; so I remained with her at *one shilling and sixpence* as long as I stayed in London.' The complacency with which he quotes the 'always keeping good hours and giving little trouble' is essentially mean. And while we might forgive a struggling youth for one ungenerous fault, what if it be said of an

adult who quotes this passage from his history without comment or apology? Another of the *errata* of his life, which he was honest enough to confess, was his neglect of Miss Read, to whom he was engaged before his visit to England, and whom he ultimately married. We should think less seriously of this episode were it not for another. He courted a Miss Godfrey, of whom he speaks as very deserving. When he had won her affections, he coolly proposed as the condition of her marriage to him that her relations should pay his debt for the printing-house, a matter of about a hundred pounds. This they refused to do, and, regardless of the poor girl's affections and his own vows, he repudiated all further intercourse. The same lack of true and generous feeling appears in another case, which he quotes with evident complacency. A gentleman of fortune and education opposed Franklin's election to the office of clerk to the Assembly. 'Having heard that he had in his library a certain very scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him, expressing my desire of perusing that book, and requesting that he would do me the favor of lending it to me for a few days. He sent it immediately; and I returned it in about a week after with another note, expressing strongly my sense of the favor.' The gentleman became his friend. But what was Franklin's note upon this transaction? 'This,' says he, 'is another instance of the truth of an old maxim I had learned, which says, *He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged*.' In other words, when you want to make a friend of a man, borrow a book of him, about which you do not care a straw, with the plea that you are very anxious to read it! As a final illustration of Franklin's want of heart, we may cite the gaiety of his life in Paris. In peaceful times this gaiety would have excited no remark. But when his compatriots were bleeding for their country, when almost every vessel brought intelligence of rapine and blood, and when his own home was in peril, it is hard to understand how any man with a heart could have sparkled in French circles, charmed the hollow wits of Paris with his fables and epigrams, and danced attendance in the *salons* of the more than questionable Madame Helvetius. There is an infinite difference between the spirit that bears its anxieties with cheerful dignity, and that which carries them off with an unworthy frivolity.

As a public man, Franklin lies open to the charge of an ungenerous self-seeking.

To say nothing of his pressing claims upon Congress for compensation and for arrears of salary, his nepotism stands almost unparalleled in the history of public men. To this his admiring biographer bears witness, and even claims some credit for him on the ground of it. 'Franklin,' says he, 'was not one of those austere patriots who think, with Mr. Jefferson, that a public man ought not to appoint to office, or cause to be appointed, his own relations. Franklin took excellent care of his kindred in this respect. If there was a good thing in his gift, he gave it to a Franklin, or a Folger, to a son, grandson, nephew, or cousin, provided he had a son, grandson, nephew, or cousin, fit to discharge the duties of the place.' This was Franklin's creed, and he was faithful to it. When he vacated the clerkship of the Assembly, he secured the post for his son. When he was made postmaster-general, he conferred the controllership on his son. The postmastership of Philadelphia he gave first to his son, then to a relative of his wife, and afterwards to one of his own brothers. When made postmaster-general by the Congress, he appointed, as his deputy, Mr. Bache, his son-in-law. Being chosen on the committee to get the new money engraved and printed, he obtained the work for the same Mr. Bache. His son and grandson were both chosen as his secretaries when appointed to England and France. And when resigning his place as envoy at Paris, he begs the Congress to 'take under their protection' his grandson, William Temple Franklin, whom he commends as a youth of 'exact probity, genteel address, &c.' Such wholesale nepotism detracts somewhat from the glory of the patriot.

When we examine Franklin's mental endowments, we find little reason for the exaggerated estimate in which he is held as a philosopher on the other side of the water. He had a clear, solid judgment, and strong common sense. Without a grain of the poetic element in his nature, without any interest in the mysterious or the beautiful, he dealt with all things according to their practical value, and their bearing upon the happiness and comfort of men. He was far more at home in the invention of a stove, or the prevention of smoky chimneys, than in the region of metaphysics and poetry. His theories all ring with the chink of the pounds-shillings-and-pence principle by which he was pervaded. In his life there were none of those glorious dreams which anticipate the grander revelations of truth. He had not philosophy enough in his nature for strong faith to be possible. What he

could not measure he would not believe. The chemical experiments which gained him notoriety, and the value of which was immensely exaggerated, proved that his mind was ingenious and daring, but not that it was creative. The very circles which compared him to Solon exalted the imposter Mesmer to the pinnacle of fame. So that the notoriety which he gained among his contemporaries does not prove much.

As a public speaker he possessed little weight beyond that of pointed observation and unadorned good sense. His illustrations were not always in good taste. It was almost impossible for him to draw up a state document without some reference of an undignified character. Able as his pen was, it could never be relied upon. His 'habit of illustrating great truths by grotesque and familiar similes' made his best friends apprehensive of his diplomatic deliverances. The drawing up of the Declaration of Independence would have been committed to him, but that everybody knew that he would 'put a joke' into it. This vivid and humorous faculty, which unfitted him for the preparation of public documents, rendered him the most brilliant of pamphleteers. His pamphlets were his greatest literary successes. Though the interest of many of their subjects has passed away, they are charming reading, even now. There are some passages in his letters and pamphlets which rival the best papers in the *Spectator*. None of his writings, however, secured so great a notoriety as *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Though not entirely comic, it is pervaded by a tone of humor that is often rare and exquisite. Its 'proverbial philosophy' which has found its way into all the copy-books is not of nearly so high an order as its wit. Many of the 'wise sayings' are the merest platitudes, many commend a very questionable morality, and many are grossly indecent. The best of them are from Lord Bacon and Rochefoucauld. Many of the jokes, too, are revised but not improved editions of the sayings of Rabelais. But the humour throughout is unique.

The secret of Franklin's fame lies unquestionably in the many-sidedness of his character. His singularly versatile genius opened to him almost every sphere of popular distinction. He was a shrewd and clever tradesman, an ingenious thinker, a philanthropist, a moralist, a wit, a clever pamphleteer, a political economist, a social 'lion,' and a diplomatist. Each of these characters he sustained in such a manner,

that it would be difficult to conceive of his excelling in one more than in another. But it is not likely that in any one of them he would have succeeded in establishing an enduring name. The memory of Franklin the printer, or the sage, or the patriot, would have been but short-lived. And this would be sufficient reason for not ranking him among the great men of history. All true greatness has some bold, projecting characteristic. A combination of respectable qualities does not make a man great. There must be some towering distinction, around which other qualities are grouped, as statuary at the base of an obelisk, subordinate to the grand effect. Franklin had no such distinction. But if we cannot accord to his memory the homage which the

American mind renders so lavishly; and if we ascribe the notoriety which he has gained to a singular combination of talents, and more especially to the times in which he lived,—times remarkably favourable to the development of such qualities as Franklin possessed,—we are bound to admit that he was no ordinary man, and that his history is worthy of the gravest study. Such a study is the more appropriate, at the present day, because of Franklin's share in the origin of that great Republic, the rapid growth of which must be regarded as one of the most wonderful trophies of civilization, while the process of its disintegration throws us back again among the cruelties and horrors of the dark ages.

Those interested in knowing something concerning the "Last Days of Pompeii" will be glad to learn that recent discoveries have been made which have furnished more striking results than many of those which preceded them. M. Scoutetten, in a paper lately read before the French Academy, announces the strange fact that some of the human bodies recently found amid the ruins were in a most perfect state of preservation. One of the bodies was that of a woman, and near it was found a quantity of money and jewels, evidently showing that she perished in the very act of flying from the scene of disaster. Her hair and clothing were very well preserved, and her left arm was thrown into a position indicative of the intense agony in which she died. Near her were found the bodies of two other women and a man; the two former lay upon a sort of couch, the younger (apparently the daughter) supported her head upon one of her arms, and had the other extended as though to grasp some adjacent object. The man's body was that of a soldier, and was found lying upon its back, seeming to have met death firmly. The abdomen was much inflated, the mouth open, and the features well preserved. A chemical examination of the bones showed that much of the mineral constituents had been lost, but that the organic components remained nearly intact. The nitrogenous matters, says the writer, "resisted the action of the surrounding forces better than the other substances." Another curious fact mentioned by M. Scoutetten is that the analysis proved that the bones of the right side (both in the case of man and horse's skeletons found in Pompeii) were heavier than those of the left.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVIII. 1303.

In 1815, when Blucher was quartered in the Palace at St. Cloud, he found there a number of portraits of the Bonaparte family, by the first artists of the day. He thought them pretty, and, following an example the French generals had very frequently set, he carried away seven of them. One passed into the possession of the King of Prussia, another went to the King of Wurtemberg, the five others were hung up in Blucher's house, and are there still. But there has been a lawsuit about them between different members of the family, and the tribunals have decided that they must be sold in order that justice may be done to all. The period of the sale is soon to be fixed. The subjects of the pictures are—1. Queen Hortense, holding by the hand the present Emperor of the French, then five or six years old. 2. Queen of Naples, Murat's wife, surrounded by her children. These two are by Gerard. 3. Empress Marie Louise, holding the King of Rome by the hand (David). 4. The Queen of Spain, with her daughter, then nine years old (Gerard). 5. Princess Borghese, by Lefevre. All the figures are of life size, and the pictures are said to be in perfect preservation. It is presumable that their authenticity, as originals by the artists named, can be proved beyond a doubt, in which case it seems not unlikely that they will sell well, and perhaps be bought for Paris.—*Times*.

There is announced for publication in Milan the first number of a Protestant fortnightly periodical, under the title of *Raccoglitore Evangelico*—"The Evangelical Gleaner." Its editor is the English minister in that city, the Rev. Mr. Pigot.

NEW ALPHABET FOR 1865.

A is for America, a land so wide and free,
There's room for all the human race and all
posterity.

B is for Belligerent, a name that was bestow'd
On southern rebels who betray'd and shed their
country's blood.

C is for the Chivalry, who would o'er all the
nation
Spread slavery, and be themselves the lords of
all creation.

D is for Devotion, true to Freedom's righteous
cause,
Devotion to the Union, devotion to the laws.

E's for Eagle, dauntless bird, of bold, unflinch-
ing gaze;
May our brave fellows face the foe as he the
noontide blaze.

F's for Admiral Farragut: hardy vet'ran sea-
king;
Conq'ring he comes, thro' storm of guns, and
cannon loudly shrieking.

G's for glorious General Grant! That we may
take for granted;
Thank God! for granting such a Grant just at
the time he's wanted.

H is for Hood, in Tennessee, who great things
did determine,
But then in Thomas found his match, and was
hood-winked by Sherman.

I—let the answer "I," "I," "I," re-echo
through the land,
When duty calls for men to fight, with ready
heart and hand.

J shall begin our Jubilee, when peace we cele-
brate,
When brothers shall be foes no more, and love
shall conquer hate.

K is for Kindness, hail the day! when all men
kindly deal
With fellow men, and wisely seek their own in
others' weal.

L is for Lincoln—Abraham (henceforth a
household name),
Who loved the paths his namesake trod, nor
feared to keep the same.

M's for McClellan; what he did deserves fair
praise and mention;
What he didn't we'll suppose supplied by good
intention.

N is for Neutrality, another name for aid
To rebellion, by building ships and running the
blockade.

O is for Omnipotent; so may that people be,
Who put their trust in God's right hand to
guard their liberty.

P is for Patriotism pure; God sees with eye
benign,
And blesses those who sacrifice at thy most holy
shrine.

Q's for our Quarrel. Many ask "what is it all
about?"
"Is it worth while for negro slaves," "the mak-
ing such a rout?"

R's for Redemption, answer we, for this un-
happy race;
To pity, help and succor them, God grant us all
his grace!

S, *crooked* S, stands for undaunted Sherman's
deathless name,
Who *straight* his fifty thousand led, through
Georgia on to fame.

T is for Time, who puts an end to war and trib-
ulation;
O! haste to spread thy healing wings over this
bleeding nation!

U is for Union; herein lies our peace, our
strength, our all;
United may we ever stand, divided we must fall.

V is for Victory—dearly won! Hence let men
count the cost
Before they rouse, for selfish ends, to strife a
kindred host.

W is for Wilmington. Thy day of plenty's
past;
Of blockade runners to thy port thou'st seen the
very last.

X is for *Exeunt* to Jeff D. and all his rebel
crew;
Oh! wretched men! repent! There may be
mercy yet for you.

Y is for Yankees—let the name have due
appreciation;
They'll prove to friend as well as foe a very
plucky nation.

Z is for Zealous friends, who see our cause in
its true light;
May all in time spell with this rhyme, and learn
to read it right!

A. R.

NEW YORK, January 31, 1865.

N. Y. Evening Post.

ITCH.—Dr. Decaisne, of Antwerp, announ-
ces that the itch, a disorder which is entirely
owing to the existence in the skin of a parasitic
insect of the *Acarus* family, may be cured
instantaneously by simply applying (without
rubbing) petroleum to the parts affected. The
mere emanations of that oil are sufficient to dis-
infect the patient's clothes; and Dr. Decaisne
adds that all other parasites of the human body
may be destroyed immediately by the same
means.—*Galignani*.

CHAPTER XVIII. — THE FORLORN HOPE.

"She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline, sage
schemes,
Such as Lycurgus taught."

Canning and Frere.

THE favourite dentist of the neighbourhood dwelt in a grand mansion at St. Norbert's, and thither were conducted Conrade and Francis, as victims to the symmetry of their mouths. Their mother accompanied them to supply the element of tenderness, Alison that of firmness; and, in fact, Lady Temple was in a state of much greater trepidation than either of her sons, who had been promised five shillings each as the reward of fortitude, and did nothing but discuss what they should buy with it.

They escaped with a reprieve to Conrade, and the loss of one tooth of Francis's, and when the rewards had been laid out, and presents chosen for all the stay-at-home children, including Rose, Lady Temple became able to think about other matters. The whole party were in a little den at the pastrycook's; the boys consuming mutton pies, and the ladies ox-tail soup, while waiting to be taken up by the waggonette which had of late been added to the Myrtlewood establishment, when the little lady thus spoke —

"If you don't object, Miss Williams, we will go to Rachel's asylum on our way home."

Miss Williams asked if she had made the appointment.

"No," said Lady Temple, "but you see I can't be satisfied about those woodcuts; and that poor woman, Mrs. Kelland, came to me yesterday about my lace shawl, and she is sadly distressed about the little girl. She was not allowed to see her, you know, and she heard such odd things about the place that I told her I did not wonder she was in trouble, and that I would try to bring the child home, or at any rate see and talk to her."

"I hope we may be able to see her, but you know Colonel Keith could not get in without making an appointment."

"I pay for her," said Lady Temple, "and I cannot bear its going on in this way without some one seeing about it. The Colonel was quite sure those woodcuts were mere fabrications to deceive Rachel; and there must be something very wrong about those people."

"Did she know that you were going?"

"No; I did not see her before we went. I do not think she will mind it much; and

I promised." Lady Temple faltered a little, but gathered courage the next moment. "And indeed, after what Mrs. Kelland said, I could not sleep while I thought I had been the means of putting any poor child into such hands."

"Yes," said Alison, "it is very shocking to leave them there without inquiry, and it is an excellent thing to make the attempt."

And so the order was given to drive to the asylum, Alison marvelling at the courage which prompted this most unexpected assault upon the fortress that had repulsed two such warriors as Colonel Keith and Mrs. Kelland. But timid and tender as she might be it was not for nothing that Fanny Temple had been a vice-queen, so much accustomed to be welcomed wherever she penetrated, that the notion of a rebuff never suggested itself.

Coombe rang, and his lady made him let herself and Miss Williams out, so that she was on the step when the rough charwoman opened the door, and made the usual reply that Mr. Mauleverer was not within. Lady Temple answered that it was Mrs. Rawlins, the matron, that she wished to see, and with more audacity than Alison thought her capable of, inserted herself within the doorway, so as to prevent herself from being shut out as the girl took her message. The next moment the girl came back saying, "This way, ma'am," opened the door of a small dreary, dusty, cold parlour, where she shut them in, and disappeared before a word could be said.

There they remained so long, that in spite of such encouragement as could be derived from peeping over the blinds at Coombe standing sentinel over his two young masters at the carriage window, Lady Temple began to feel some dismay, though no repentance, and with anxious iteration conjured Miss Williams to guess what could be the cause of delay.

"Making ready for our reception," was Alison's answer in various forms; and Lady Temple repeated by turns, "I do not like it," and "it is very unsatisfactory. No, I don't like it at all," the *at all* always growing more emphatic.

The climax was, "Things must be very sad, or they would never take so much preparation. I'll tell you, Miss Williams," she added in a low confidential tone; "there are two of us, and the woman can not be in two places at once. Now, if you go up and see the rooms and all, which I saw long ago I could stay and talk to the poor children."

Alison was the more surprised at the simple statecraft of the General's widow, but it

was prompted by the pitiful heart yearning over the mysterious wrongs of the poor little ones.

At last Mrs. Rawlins sailed in, crape, streamers, and all, with the lowest of curtsies and fullest of apologies for having detained her Ladyship, but she had been sending out in pursuit of Mr. Mauleverer, he would be so disappointed! Lady Temple begged to see the children, and especially Lovedy, whom she said she should like to take home for a holiday.

"Why, my lady, you see Mr. Mauleverer is very particular. I hardly know that I could answer it to him to have one of his little darlings out of his sight. It unsettles a child so to be going home, and Lovedy has a bad cold, my lady, and I am afraid it will run through the house. My little Alice is beginning of it.

However, Lady Temple kept to her desire of seeing Lovedy, and of letting her companion see the rest of the establishment, and they were at last ushered into the room already known to the visitors of the F. U. E. E., where the two children sat as usual in white pinafores, but it struck the ladies that all looked ill, and Lovedy was wrapped in a shawl, and sat cowering in a dull, stupefied way, unlike the bright responsive manner for which she had been noted even in her lace school days. Mary Morris gazed for a moment at Alison with a wistful appealing glance; then with a start as of fright, put on a sullen stolid look, and kept her eyes on her book. The little Alice, looking very heavy and feverish, leant against her, and Mrs. Rawlins went on talking of the colds, the gruel she had made, and her care for her pupils' ailments, and Lady Temple listened so graciously that Alison feared she was succumbing to the palaver; and by way of reminder asked to see the dormitory.

"Oh yes, ma'am, certainly, though we are rather in confusion," and she tried to make both ladies precede her, but Lady Temple, for once assuming the uncomprehending nonchalance of a fine lady, seated herself languidly and motioned Alison on. The matron was evidently perplexed, she looked daggers at the children, or Allie fancied so, but she was forced to follow the governess. Lady Temple breathed more freely, and rose. "My poor child," she said to Lovedy, "you seem very poorly. Have you any message to your aunt?"

"Please, please!" began Lovedy, with a hoarse sob.

"Lovedy, don't, don't be a bad girl, or you know—" interposed the little one, in a warning whisper.

"She is not naughty," said Lady Temple gently, "only not well."

"Please my lady, look," eagerly, though with a fugitive action of terror, Lovedy cried, unpinning the thin coarse shawl on her neck, and revealing the terrible stripes and weals of recent beating, such as nearly sickened Lady Temple.

"Oh, Lovedy," entreated Alice, "she'll take the big stick."

"She could not do her work," interposed Mary with furtive eagerness, "she is so poorly, and Missus said she would have the twenty spriggs, if she sat up all night."

"Spriggs!"

"Yes, ma'am, we makes lace more than ever we did to home, day and night; and if we don't, she takes the stick."

"Oh, Mary," implored the child, "she said if you said one word."

"Mary," said Lady Temple, trembling all over, "where are your bonnets?"

"We haven't none, ma'am," returned Mary, "she pawned them. But, oh, ma'am, please take us away. We are used dreadful bad, and no one knows it."

Lady Temple took Lovedy in one hand, and Mary in the other; then looked at the other little girl, who stood as if petrified. She handed the pair to the astonished Coombe, bidding him put them into the carriage and let Master Temple go outside, and then faced about to defend the rear, her rustling black silk and velvet filling up the passage just as Alison were coming down stairs. "Mrs. Rawlins," she said, in her gentle dignity, "I think Lovedy is so poorly that she ought to go home to her aunt to be nursed, and I have taken little Mary that she may not be left behind alone. Please to tell Mr. Mauleverer that I take it all upon myself. The other little girl is not at all to blame, and I hope you will take care of her, for she looks very ill."

So much for being a Governor's widow! A woman of thrice Fanny's energy and capacity would not have effected her purpose so simply, and made the virago in the matron so entirely quail. She swept forth with such a consciousness of power and ease that few could have had assurance enough to gainsay her, but no sooner was she in the carriage than she seized Mary's hand, exclaiming, "My poor, poor little dear! Francis, dear boy, the wicked people have been beating her!" Oh, Miss Williams, look at her poor neck!

Alison lifting Lovedy on her knee glanced under the shawl and saw indeed a sad spectacle, and she felt such a sharpness of bone as proved that there was far from being the

proper amount of clothing or of flesh to protect them. Lady Temple looked at Mary's attenuated hand, and fairly sobbed, "Oh you have been cruelly treated!"

"Please don't let her get us," cried the frightened Mary.

"Never, never, my dear. We are taking you home to your mother."

Mary Morris was the spokeswoman, and volunteered the exhibition of bruises rather older, but no less severe than those of her companion. All had been inflicted by the woman, Mr. Mauleverer had seldom or never been seen by the children, except Alice, who used often to be called into Mrs. Rawlins, parlour when he was there to be played with and petted. A charwoman was occasionally called in, but otherwise the entire work of the house was exacted from the two girls, and they had been besides kept perpetually to their lace pillows, and severely beaten if they failed in the required amount of work, the ample wardrobe with which their patronesses had provided them had been gradually taken from them; and their fare had latterly become exceedingly coarse and very scanty. It was a sad story, and this last clause evoked from Francis's pocket a large currant bun, which Mary devoured with a famished appetite, but Lovedy held her portion untasted in her hand, and presently gave it to Mary, saying that her throat was so bad that she could not eat. She had already been wrapped in Lady Temple's cloak, and Francis was desired to watch for a chemist's shop that something might be done for her relief, but the region of shops was already left behind, and even the villas were becoming scantier, so that nothing was to be done but to drive on, obtaining from time to time further doleful narratives from Mary, and perceiving more and more how ill and suffering was the other poor child.

Moreover, Lady Temple's mind became extremely uneasy as to the manner in which Rachel might accept her exploit. All her valor departed as she figured to herself that young lady discrediting the alarm, and resenting her interference. She did not repent, she knew she could not have helped it, and she had rather have been tortured by Rachel than have left the victims another hour to the F. U. E. E., but she was full of nervous anxiety, little as she yet guessed at the full price of her courage; and she uttered more than once the fervent wish that the Colonel had been there, for he would have known what to do. And Alison each time replied, "I wish it with all my heart."

Wrought up at last to the pitch of ner-

vousness that must rush on the crisis at once, and take the bull by the horns, this valiant piece of cowardice declared that she could not even return the girls to their homes till Rachel knew all about it, and gave the word to drive to the Homestead, further cheered by the recollection that Colonel Keith would probably be there, having been asked to luncheon, as he could not dine out, to meet Mr. Grey. Moreover, Mr. Grey was a magistrate and would know what was to be done.

Thus the whole party at the Homestead were assembled near the door, when discerning them too late to avoid them, Lady Temple's equipage drew up in the peculiarly ungraceful fashion of waggonettes, when they prepare to shoot their passengers out behind.

Conrade, the only person who had the advantage of a previous view, stood up on the box, and previously to making his descent shouted out, "Oh, Aunt Rachel, your F. U. thing is as bad as the Sepoys. But we have saved the two little girls that they were whipping to death, and have got them in the carriage."

While this announcement was being delivered, Alison Williams, the nearest to the door, had emerged. She lifted out the little muffled figure of Lovedy, set her on her feet, and then looking neither to the right nor left, as if she saw and thought of no one else, made but one bound towards Colonel Keith, clasped both hands round his arm, turned him away from the rest, and with her black brows drawn close together, gasped under her breath, "O, Colin, Colin, it is Maria Hatherton."

"What! the matron?"

"Yes, the woman that has used these poor children like a savage. O, Colin, it is frightful."

"You should sit down, you are almost ready to faint."

"Nothing! Nothing! But the poor things are in such a state. And that Maria whom we taught, and ——" Alison stopped.

"Did she know you?"

"I can't tell. Perhaps; but I did not know her till the last moment."

"I have long believed that the man that Rose recognized was Mauleverer, but I thought the uncertainty would be bad for Ermine. What is all this?"

"You will hear. There! Listen, I can't tell you, Lady Temple did it all," said Alison, trying to draw away her arm from him, and assume the staid governess. But he felt her trembling, and did not release her from his support as they turned back

to the astonished group, which, while these few words were passing, Francis, the little bareheaded, white aproned Mary Morris, and lastly Lady Temple, had by this time been added; and Fanny, with quick but courteous acknowledgment of all, was singling out her cousin.

"O, Rachel, dear, I did not mean it to have been so sudden or before them all, but indeed I could not help it," she said in her gentle, imploring voice; "if you only saw that poor dear child's neck."

Rachel had little choice what she should say or do. What Fanny was saying tenderly and privately the two boys were communicating open mouthed, and Mrs. Curtis came at once with her nervous, "What is it, my dear, is it something very sad? Those poor children look very cold, and half starved."

"Indeed," said Fanny, "they have been starved, and beaten, and cruelly used. I am very sorry, Rachel, but indeed that was a dreadful woman, and I thought Colonel Keith and Mr. Grey would tell us what ought to be done."

"Mr. Grey!" and Mrs. Curtis turned round eagerly, with the comfort of having some one to support her, "will you tell us what is to be done? Here has poor dear Rachel been taken in by this wicked scheme, and these poor —"

"Mother, mother," muttered Rachel, lashed up to desperation; "please not out here, before the servants and every one."

This appeal and Grace's opening of the door had the effect of directing every one into the hall, Mr. Grey asking Mrs. Curtis by the way, "Ph? Then this is Rachel's new female asylum is it?"

"Yes, I always feared there was something odd about it. I never liked that man, and now — Fanny, my love, what is the matter?"

In a few simple words Fanny answered that she had contrived to be left alone with the children, and had then found signs of such shocking ill-treatment of them, that she had thought it right to bring them away at once.

"And you will commit those wretches. You will send them to prison at once, Mr. Grey. They have been deceiving my poor Rachel ever so long, and getting sums upon sums of money out of her," said Mrs. Curtis, becoming quite blood-thirsty.

"If there is sufficient occasion I will summon the persons concerned to the Bench on Wednesday," said Mr. Grey, a practical, active squire.

"Not till Wednesday!" said Mrs. Curtis,

as if she thought the course of justice very tardy. But the remembrance of Mr. Curtis's magisterial days came to her aid, and she continued, "But you can take all the examinations here at once, you know; and Grace can find you a summons paper, if you will just go into the study."

"It might save the having the children over to-morrow, certainly," said Mr. Grey, and he was inducted almost passively into the leathern chair before the library table, where Mr. Curtis had been wont to administer justice, and Grace was diving deep into a bureau for the printed forms long treasured there, her mother directing her, though Mr. Grey vainly protested that any foolscap would do as well. It was a curious scene. Mrs. Grey with her daughters had the discretion to remove themselves; but every one else was in a state of excitement, and pressed into the room, the two boys disputing under their breath whether the civilians called it a court martial, and, with some confusion between mutineers and Englishwomen, hoping the woman would be blown from the mouth of a cannon, for hadn't she gone and worn a cap like mamma's? They would have referred the question to Miss Williams, but she had been deposited by the colonel on one of the chairs in the furthest corner of the room, and he stood sheltering her agitation and watching the proceedings. Lady Temple still held a hand of each of her rescued victims, as if she feared they were still in danger, and all the time Rachel stood and looked like a statue, unable to collect her convictions in the hubbub, and the trust that would have enabled her to defy all this swept way from her by the morning's transactions. Yet still there was a hope that appearances might be delusive; and an habitual low estimate of Mr. Grey's powers that made her set on looking with her own eyes, not his.

His first question was about the children's names and their friends, and this led to the dispatching of a message for the mother and aunt. He then inquired about the terms on which they had been placed at St. Norbert's, and Rachel, who was obliged to reply, felt under his clear, stringent questions, keeping close to the point, a good deal more respect for his powers than she had hitherto entertained. That dry way of his was rather overwhelming. When it came to the children themselves, Rachel watched, not without a hope that the clear masculine intellect would detect Fanny in a mere frightened woman's fancy, and bring the F. U. E. E. off with flying colors.

Little Mary Morris stood forth valiant

and excited. She was eleven years old, and intelligent enough to make it evident that she knew what she was about. The replies were full. The blows were described, with terrible detail of the occasions and implements. Still Rachel remembered the accusation of Mary's truth. She tried to doubt.

"I saw her with a bruised eye," said the Colonel's unexpected voice in a pause. "How was that?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Rawlins hit me with her fist because I had only done seven sprigs. She knocked me down, and I did not come to for ever so long."

And not only this, and the like sad narratives, but each child bore the marks in corroboration of the words, which were more reluctant and more hoarse from Lovedy, but even more effective. Rachel doubted no more after the piteous sight of those scarred shoulders, and the pinched feeble face; but one thing was plain, namely, that Mr. Mauleverer had no share in the cruelties. Even such severities as had been perpetrated while he was in the house, had, Mary thought, been protested against by him; but she had seldom seen him, he paid all his visits in the little parlour, and took no notice of the children except to prepare the tableau for public inspection. Mr. Grey, looking at his notes, said that there was full evidence to justify issuing a summons against the woman for assaulting the children, and proceeded to ask her name. Then while there was a question whether her christian name was known, the Colonel again said, "I believe her name to be Maria Hatherton. Miss Williams has recognized her as a servant who once lived in her family, and who came from her father's parish at Beauchamp."

Alison on inquiry corroborated the statement, and the charge was made against Maria Rawlins, *alias* Hatherton. The depositions were read over to the children, and signed by them; with very trembling fingers by poor little Lovedy, and Mr. Grey said he would send a police-man with the summons early next day.

"But, Mr. Grey," burst out Mrs. Curtis, "you don't mean that you are not going to do anything to that man! Why he has been worse than the woman! It was he that entrapped the poor children, and my poor Rachel here, with his stories of magazines and illustrations, and I don't know what all!"

"Very true, Mrs. Curtis," said the magistrate, "but where's the charge against him?"

It may be conceived how pleasant it was to the clever woman of the family to hear

her mother declaiming on the arts by which she had been duped by this adventurer, appealing continually to Grace and Fanny, and sometimes to herself, and all before Mr. Grey, on whose old world prejudice she had bestowed much more antagonism than he had thought it worth while to bestow on her new light. Yet at the moment this operation of being written down an ass, was less acutely painful to her than the perception that was simultaneously growing on her of the miserable condition of poor little Lovedy, whose burning hand she held, and whose gasping breath she heard, as the child rested feebly in the chair in which she had been placed. Rachel had nothing vindictive or selfish in her mood, and her longing was above all, to get away, and minister to the poor child's present sufferings; but she found herself hemmed in, and pinned down by the investigations pushed on by her mother, involving answers and explanations that she alone could make.

Mr. Grey rubbed his forehead, and looked freshly annoyed at each revelation of the state of things. It had not been Mauleverer, but Rachel who had asked subscriptions for the education of the children, he had but acted as her servant, the counterfeit of the woodcuts, which Lady Temple suggested could not be construed into an offence; and it looked very much as if, thanks to his cleverness, and Rachel's incaution, there was really no case to be made out against him, as if the fox had carried off the bait without even leaving his brush behind him. Sooth to say, the failure was a relief to Rachel; she had thrown so much of her will and entire self into the upholding him, that she could not yet detach herself or sympathize with those gentle souls, the mother and Fanny, in keenly hunting him down. Might he not have been as much deceived in Mrs. Rawlins as herself? At any rate she hoped for time to face the subject, and kneeling on the ground so as to support little Lovedy's sinking head on her shoulder, made the briefest replies in her power when referred to. At last, Grace recollected the morning's affair of Mrs. Rossitur's bills. Mr. Grey looked as if he saw daylight, Grace volunteered to fetch both the account-book and Mrs. Rossitur, and Rachel found the statement being extracted from her of the monthly production of the bills, with the entries in the book, and of her having given the money for their payment. Mr. Grey began to write, and she perceived that he was taking down her deposition. She beckoned Mary to support her poor little companion, and rising to her feet, said, to the horror and consternation

of her mother, "Mr. Grey, pray let me speak to you!"

He rose at once, and followed her to the hall, where he looked prepared to be kind but firm.

"Must this be done to-day?" she said.

"Why not?" he answered.

"I want time to think about it. The woman has acted like a fiend, and I have not a word to say for her; but I cannot feel that it is fair, after such long and entire trust of this man, to turn on him suddenly without notice."

"Do you mean that you will not prosecute?" said Mr. Grey, with a dozen notes of interjection in his voice.

"I have not said so. I want time to make up my mind, and hear what he has to say for himself."

"You will hear that at the Bench on Wednesday."

"It will not be the same thing."

"I should hope not!"

"You see," said Rachel, perplexed and grievously wanting time to rally her forces, "I cannot but feel that I have trusted too easily, and perhaps been to blame myself for my implicit confidence, and after that it revolts me to throw the whole blame on another."

If you have been a simpleton, does that make him an honest man?" said Mr. Grey, impatiently.

"No," said Rachel, "but"—

"What?"

"My credulity may have caused his dishonesty," she said, bringing at last the words to serve the idea.

"Look you here, Rachel," said Mr. Gray, constraining himself to argue patiently with his old friend's daughter; "it does not simply lie between you and him—a silly girl who has let herself be taken in by a sharper. That would be no more than giving a sixpence to a fellow that tells me he lost his arm at Sebastopol when he has got it sewn up in a bag. But you have been getting subscriptions from all the world, making yourself answerable to them for having these children educated, and then, for want of proper superintendence, or the merest rational precaution, leaving them to this barbarous usage. I don't want to be hard upon you, but you are accountable for all this; you have made yourself so, and unless you wish to be regarded as a sharer in the iniquity, the least you can do by way of compensation, is not to make yourself an obstruction in the course of justice."

"I don't much care how I am regarded," said Rachel, with subdued tone and sunken head; "I only want to do right, and not

act spitefully and vindictively before he has had warning to defend himself."

"Or to set off to delude as many equal foo—mistaken people as he can find elsewhere? Eh, Rachel? Don't you see, if this friend of yours be innocent, a summons will not hurt him, it will only give him the opportunity of clearing himself."

"Yes, I see," owned Rachel, and overpowered, though far from satisfied, she allowed herself to be brought back, and did what was required of her, to the intense relief of her mother. During her three minutes' conference no one in the study had ventured on speaking or stirring, and Mrs. Curtis would not thank her biographer for recording the wild alarms that careered through her brain, as to the object of her daughters' tête-à-tête with the magistrate.

It was over at last, and the hall of justice broke up. Mary Morris was at once in her mother's arms, and in a few minutes more making up for all past privations by a substantial meal in the kitchen. But Mrs. Kelland had gone to Avonchester to purchase thread, and only her daughter Susan had come up, the girl who was supposed to be a sort of spider, with no capacities beyond her web. Nor did Rachel think Lovedy capable of walking down to Mackarel Lane, nor well enough for the comfortless chairs and the third part of a bed. No, Mr. Grey's words that Rachel was accountable for the children's sufferings had gone to her heart. Pity was there and indignation, but these had brought such an anguish of self-accusation as she could only appease by lavishing personal care upon the chief sufferer. She carried the child to her own sitting-room and made a couch for her before the fire, sending Susan away with the assurance that Lovedy should stay at the Homestead, and be nursed and fed till she was well and strong again. Fanny, who had accompanied her, thought the child very ill, and was urgent that the doctor should be sent for; but between Rachel and the faculty of Avonmouth there was a deadly feud, and Rachel scouted the proposal. Hunger and a bad cold were easily treated, and may-be there was a spark of consolation in having a patient all to herself and her homeopathic book.

So Fanny and her two boys walked down the hill together in the dark. Colonel Keith and Alison Williams had already taken the same road, anxiously discussing the future. Alison asked why Colin had not given Maulverer's alias. "I had no proof," he said. "You were sure of the woman, but so far it is only guess work with him; though

each time Rose spoke of seeing Maddox, coincided with one of Mauleverer's visits. Besides, Alison, on the back of that etching in Rose's book is written, 'Mrs. Williams, from her humble and obliged servant, R. Maddox.'

"And you said nothing about it?"

"No, I wished to make myself secure, and to see my way before speaking out."

"What shall you do? Can you trust to Rose's identifying him?"

"I shall ride in to-morrow to see what is going on, and judge if it will be well to let her see this man, if he have not gone off, as I should fear was only too likely. Poor little Lady Temple, her exploit has precipitated matters."

"And you will let every one, Dr. Long and all, know what a wretch they have believed. And then"—

"Stay, Alison, I am afraid they will not take Maddox's subsequent guilt as a proof of Edward's innocence."

"It is a proof that his stories were not worth credit."

"To you and me it is, who do not need such proof. It is possible that among his papers something may be found that may implicate him and clear Edward, but we can only hold off and watch. And I greatly fear both man and woman will have slipped through our fingers, especially if she knew you."

"Poor Maria, who could have thought of such frightful barbarity," sighed Alison. "I knew she was a passionate girl, but this is worse than one can bear to believe."

She ceased, for she had been inexpressibly shocked, and her heart still yearned towards every Beauchamp school child.

"I suppose we must tell Ermine," she added; "indeed, I know I could not help it."

"Nor I," he said smiling, "though there is only too much fear that nothing will come of it but disappointment. At least, she will tell us how to meet that."

CHAPTER XIX.—THE BREWST SHE BREWED.

"Unwisely, not ignobly have I given."
Timon of Athens.

UNDER the circumstances of the Curtis family, no greater penance could have been devised than the solemn dinner party which had to take place only an hour after the investigation was closed. Grace in especial was nearly distracted between her desire to calm her mother and to comfort her sister: and the necessity of attending to the Grey family, who repaid themselves for their

absence from the scene of action by a torrent of condolences and questions, whence poor Grace gathered to her horror and consternation that the neighbourhood already believed that a tenderer sentiment than philanthropy had begun to mingle in Rachel's relations with the secretary of the F. U. E. E. Feeling it incumbent on the whole family to be as lively and indifferent as possible, Grace having shut her friends into their rooms to perform their toilette, hurried to her sister, to find her so entirely engrossed with her patient as absolutely to have forgotten the dinner party. No wonder! She had to hunt up a housemaid to make up a bed for Lovedy in a little room within her own, and the undressing and bathing of the poor child had revealed injuries even in a more painful state than those which had been shown to Mr. Grey, shocking emaciation, and most scanty garments. The child was almost torpid, and spoke very little. She was most unwilling to attempt to swallow; however, Rachel thought that some of her globules had gone down, and put much faith in them, and in warmth and sleep; but incessantly occupied, and absolutely sickened by the sight of the child's hurts, she looked up with loathing at Grace's entreaty that she would dress for dinner.

"Impossible," she said.

"You must, Rachel dear; indeed, you must."

"As if I could leave her."

"Nay, Rachel, but if you would only send"—

"Nonsense, Grace; if I can stay with her I can restore her far better than could an allopathist, who would not leave nature to herself. O, Grace, why can't you leave me in peace? Is it not bad enough without this?"

"Dear Rachel, I am very sorry; but if you did not come down to dinner, think of the talk it would make."

"Let them talk."

"Ah, Rachel, but the mother? Think how dreadful the day's work has been to her: and how can she ever get through the evening if she is in a fright at your not coming down?"

"Dinner parties are one of the most barbarous institutions of past stupidity," said Rachel, and Grace was reassured. She hovered over Rachel while Rachel hovered over the sick child, and between her own exertions and those of two maids, had put her sister into an evening dress by the time the first carriage arrived. She then rushed to her own room, made her own toilette, and returned to find Rachel in conference with

Mrs. Kelland, who had come home at last, and was to sit with her niece during the dinner. Perhaps it was as well for all parties that this first interview was cut very short, but Rachel's burning cheeks did not promise much for the impression of ease and indifference she was to make, as Grace's whispered reminders of "the mother's" distress dragged her down stairs among the all too curious glances of the assembled party.

All had been bustle. Not one moment for recollection had yet been Rachel's. Mr. Grey's words, "accountable for all," throbbed in her ears and echoed in her brain—the purple bruises, the red stripes, verging upon sores, were before her eyes, and the lights, the flowers, the people and their greetings, were like a dizzy mist. The space before dinner was happily but brief, and then, as last lady, she came in as a supernumerary on the other arm of Grace's cavalier, and taking the only vacant chair, found herself between a squire and Captain Keith, who had duly been bestowed on Emily Grey.

Here there was a moment's interval of quiet, for the squire was slightly deaf, and, moreover, regarded her as a little pert girl, not to be encouraged, while Captain Keith was resigned to the implied homage of the adorer of his cross; so that, though the buzz of talk and the clatter of knives and forks roared louder than it had ever seemed to do since she had been a child, listening from the outside, the immediate sense of hurry and confusion, and the impossibility of seeing or hearing anything plainly, began to diminish. She could not think, but she began to wonder whether any one knew what had happened; and, above all, she perfectly dreaded the quiet sting of her neighbour's word and eye, in this consummation of his victory. If he glanced at her, she knew she could not bear it; and if he never spoke to her at all, it would be marked reprehension, which would be far better than sarcasm. He was evidently conscious of her presence; for when, in her insatiable thirst, she had drained her own supply of water, she found the little bottle quietly exchanged for that before him. It was far on in the dinner before Emily's attention was claimed by the gentleman on her other hand, and then there was a space of silence before Captain Keith almost made Rachel start, by saying—

"This has come about far more painfully than could have been expected."

"I thought you would have triumphed," she said.

"No, indeed. I feel accountable for the introduction that my sister brought upon you."

"It was no fault of hers," said Rachel, sadly.

"I wish I could feel it so."

"That was a mere chance. The rest was my own doing."

"Aided and abetted by more than one looker-on."

"No. It is I who am accountable," she said, repeating Mr. Grey's words.

"You accept the whole?"

It was his usual cool, dry tone; but as she replied, "I must," she involuntarily looked up, with a glance of entreaty, to be spared, and she met those dark, grey, heavy-lidded eyes fixed on her with so much concern as almost to unnerve her.

"You cannot," he answered; "every bystander must rue the apathy that let you be so cruelly deceived, for want of exertion on their part."

"Nay," she said; "you tried to open my eyes. I think this would have come worse, but for this morning's stroke."

"Thank you," he said, earnestly.

"I dare say you know more than I have been able to understand," she presently added; "it is like being in the middle of an explosion, without knowing what stands or falls."

"And lobster-salad as an aggravation!" said he, as the dish successively persecuted them. "This dinner is hard on you."

"Very; but my mother would have been unhappy if I had stayed away. It is the leaving the poor child that grieves me. She is in a fearful state, between sore throat, starvation, and blows."

The picture of the effect of the blows coming before Rachel at that moment, perilled her ability even to sit through the dinner; but her companion saw the sudden whitening of her cheek, and by a dextrous signal at once caused her glass to be filled. Habit was framing her lips to say something about never drinking wine; but somehow she felt a certain compulsion in his look, and her compliance restored her. She returned to the subject, saying, "But it was only the woman that was cruel."

"She had not her Sepoy face for nothing."

"Did I hear that Miss Williams knew her?"

"Yes; it seems she was a maid who had once been very cruel to little Rose Williams. The Colonel seems to think the discovery may have important consequences. I hardly know how."

This conversation sent Rachel out of the dining-room more like herself than she had entered it; but she ran up stairs at once to Lovedy, and remained with her till disin-

tered by the desperate Grace, who could not see three people talking together without blushing with indignation at the construction they were certainly putting on her sister's scarlet cheeks and absence from the drawing-room. With all Grace's efforts, however, she could not bring her truant back before the gentlemen had come in. Captain Keith had seen their entrance, and soon came up to Rachel.

"How is your patient?" he asked.

"She is very ill; and the worst of it is, that it seems such agony to her to attempt to swallow."

"Have you had advice for her?"

"No; I have often treated colds, and I thought this a case, aggravated by that wicked treatment."

"Have you looked into her mouth?"

"Yes; the skin is frightfully brown and dry."

He leant toward her, and asked, in an under tone—

"Did you ever see diphtheria?"

"No!"—her brow contracting—"did you?"

"Yes; we had it through all the children of the regiment at Woolwich."

"You think this is it?"

He asked a few more questions, and his impression was evidently confirmed.

"I must send for Mr. Frampton," said Rachel, homeopathy succumbing to her terror; but then, with a despairing glance, she beheld all the male part of the establishment handing tea.

"Where does he live? I'll send him up."

"Thank you, oh! thank you. The house with the rails, under the east cliff."

He was gone, and Rachel endured the reeling of the lights, and the surges of talk, and the musical performances that seemed to burst the drum of her ear; and, after all, people went away, saying to each other that there was something very much amiss, and poor dear Mrs. Curtis was very much to blame for not having controlled her daughters.

They departed at last, and Grace, without uttering the terrible word, was explaining to the worn-out mother that little Lovedy was more unwell, and that Captain Keith had kindly offered to fetch the doctor, when the Captain himself returned.

"I am sorry to say Frampton is out, not likely to be at home till morning, and his partner is with a bad accident at Avonford. The best plan will be for me to ride back to Avonchester, and send out Macvicar, our doctor. He is a kind hearted man, of much experience in this kind of thing."

"But you were not going back," said polite Mrs. Curtis, far from taking in the urgency of the case. "You were to sleep at Colonel Keith's. I could not think of your taking the trouble."

"I have settled that with the Colonel, thank you. My dog-cart will be here directly."

"I can only say, thank you," said Rachel, earnestly, "But is there nothing to be done in the meantime? Do you know the treatment?"

He knew enough to give a few directions, which revealed to poor Mrs. Curtis the character of the disease.

"That horrible new sore throat! Oh, Rachel, and you have been hanging over her all this time!"

"Indeed," said Alick Keith, coming to her. "I think you need not be alarmed. The complaint seems to me to depend on the air and locality. I have been often with people who had it."

"And not caught it?"

"No; though one poor little fellow, our piper's son, would not try to take food from any one else, and died at last on my knee. I do not believe it is infectious in that way."

And hearing his carriage at the door, he shook hands, and hurried off, Mrs. Curtis observing—

"He really is a very good young man. But oh, Rachel, my dear, how could you bring her here!"

"I did not know, mother. Any way it is better than her being in Mrs. Kelland's hive of children."

"You are not going back to her, Rachel, I entreat!"

"Mother, I must. You heard what Captain Keith said. Let that comfort you. It would be brutal cruelty and cowardice to stay away from her to-night. Good night, Grace, make mother see that it must be so."

She went, for poor Mrs. Curtis could not withstand her; and only turned with tearful eyes to her elder daughter to say, "You do not go into the room again, Grace, I insist."

Grace could not bear to leave Rachel to the misery of such a vigil, and greatly reproached herself for the hurry that had prevented her from paying any heed to the condition of the child in her anxiety to make her sister presentable; but Mrs. Curtis was in a state of agitation that demanded all the care and tenderness of this "mother's child," and the sharing her room and bed made it impossible to elude the watchfulness that nervously guarded the remaining daughter.

It was eleven o'clock when Alexander Keith drove from the door. It was a moonlight night, and he was sure to spare no speed, but he could hardly be at Avonchester within an hour and a half, and the doctor would take at least two in coming out. Mrs. Kelland was the companion of Rachel's watch. The woman was a good deal subdued. The strangeness of the great house tamed her, and she was shocked and frightened by the little girls' state as well as by the young lady's grave, awe-struck, and silent manner.

They tried all that Captain Keith had suggested, but the child was too weak and spent to inhale the steam of vinegar, and the attempts to make her swallow produced fruitless anguish. They could not discover how long it was since she had taken any nourishment, and they already knew what a miserable pittance hers had been at the best. Mrs. Kelland gave her up at once, and protested that she was following her mother, and that there was death in her face. Rachel made an imperious gesture of silence, and was obeyed so far as voice went, but long-drawn sighs and shakes of the head continued to impress on her the aunt's hopelessness; throughout the endeavors to change the position, the moistening of the lips, the attempts at relief in answer to the choked effort to cough, the weary, faint moan, the increasing faintness and exhaustion.

One o'clock struck, and Mrs. Kelland said, in a low, ominous voice, "It is the turn of the night, Miss Rachel. You had best leave her to me."

"I will never leave her," said Rachel, impatiently.

"You are a young lady, Miss Rachel," "you ain't used to the like of this."

"Hark!" Rachel held up her finger.

Wheels were crashing up the hill. The horrible responsibility was over, the immediate terror gone, help seemed to be coming at the utmost need, and tears of relief rushed into Rachel's eyes, tears that Lovedy must have perceived, for she spoke the first articulate word she had uttered since the night-watch had begun, "Please, ma'am, don't fret, I'm going to poor mother."

"You will be better now, Lovedy, here is the doctor," said Rachel, though conscious that this was not the right thing, and then she hastened out on the stairs to meet the quaint old Scotsman and bring him in. He made Mrs. Kelland raise the child, examined her mouth, felt her feet and hands, which were fast becoming dhill, and desired the warm flannels still to be applied to them.

"Cannot her throat be operated on?" said Rachel, a tremor within her heart. "I think we could both be depended on if you wanted us."

"She is too far gone, poor lassie," was the answer. "It would be mere cruelty to torment her. You had better go and lie down, Miss Curtis, her mother and I can do all she is like to need."

"Is she dying?"

"I doubt if she can last an hour longer. The disease is in an advanced state, and she was in too reduced a state to have battled with it, even had it been met earlier."

"As it should have been! Twice her destroyer!" sighed Rachel, with a bursting heart, and again the kind doctor would have persuaded her to leave the room, but she turned from him and came back to Lovedy, who had been roused by what had been passing, and had been murmuring something which had set her aunt off into sobs.

"She's saying she've been a bad girl to me, poor lamb, and I tell her not to think of it! She knows it was for her good if she had not been set against her work."

Dr. Macvicar authoritatively hushed the woman, but Lovedy looked up with flushed cheeks, and the blue eyes that had been so often noticed for their beauty. The last flush of fever had come to finish the work.

"Don't fret," she said, "there's no one to beat me up there. Please, the verse about the tears."

Dr. Macvicar and the child both looked towards Rachel, but her whole memory seemed scared away, and it was the old Scotch army surgeon that repeated. —

"The Lord God shall wipe off tears from all eyes." Ah! poor little one, you are going from a world that has been full of woe to you."

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me, my poor child," said Rachel, kneeling by her, the tears streaming down silently.

"Please, ma'am, don't cry," said the little girl feebly; "you were very good to me. Please tell me of my Saviour," she added to Rachel. It sounded like set phraseology, and she knew not how to begin; but Dr. Macvicar's answer made the lightened look come back, and the child was again heard to whisper, "Ah! I knew they scourged Him — for me."

That was the last they did hear, except the sobbing breaths, even more convulsive. Rachel had never before been present with death, and awe and dismay seemed to paralyze her whole frame. Even the words of hope and prayer for which the child's eyes craved from both her fellow-watchers seemed

to her a strange tongue, inefficient to reach the misery of this untimely mortal agony, this work of neglect and cruelty — and she the cause.

Three o'clock had struck before the last painful gasp had been drawn, and Mrs. Kel-land's sobbing cry broke forth. Dr. Macvicar told Rachel the child was at rest. She shivered from head to foot, her teeth chattered, and she murmured, "Accountable for all."

Dr. Macvicar at once made her swallow some of the cordial brought for the poor child, and then summoning the maid whom Grace had stationed in the outer room, he desired her to put her young mistress to bed without loss of time. The sole remaining desire of which she was conscious was to be alone and in the dark, and she passively submitted.

PARSONITIS. — That the criminal lawyer who has badgered his witnesses in a three hours' cross-examination, and then addressed a five hours' speech to the jury, should go home hoarse as a bull frog, if not actually voiceless, I can well understand. This man has been performing every instrument of the orchestra with his one poor throat. From oboe to ophycleide he has explored them all — in entreaty, conviction, scorn, pathos, defamation, ridicule, and lastly, to wind up, religion. No wonder if he should only be able to make signs to his wife at dinner, and pantomime his wishes for food and drink. But the Parson — the parson of honeyed words and dulcet accents — the bland, smooth-cheeked, oleaginous angel, the very creek of whose shoes whispers patience — he has none of these moods of violence, for, be it remembered, we talk of sin with far less of reprobation than of the individual sinner; and no one that ever I heard laid the same stress on the Decalogue as the most commonplace Quarter-Session chairman will do in sentencing a delinquent to the game-laws. The abstract never has that tangible reality about it, that the smallest instance possesses; and for this reason, again, I say the person's task exacts less strain, less violent effort, than that of other public speakers. And why, for the third time, I ask, are these men the victims of an especial disease that now goes by their name, and promises, like the Painter's Colic, to show the perils that attach to a peculiar calling? The fact is there; there is no denying it; the speechless curates of the Jardin Anglais at Nice, the voiceless vicars of the Pincian, prove it. Physicians, I am told, confess themselves little able to deal with this malady; they treat, and treat, and treat it, and end, as they ever do when baffled, by sending the patient abroad. Law and medicine have this much in common, that, whenever they are fairly beaten, "they change the venue." Hence it is that every sheltered angle on the Mediterranean, every warm nook on the "Corniche," has its three, four, or five, mild-faced, pale men, sauntering among the orange groves, and whispering through a respirator. There is something so interesting in these people, deserted in a mea-

sure by physic, and left to the slow influences of climate — soft airs and softer attentions being their only medicaments — that I found myself eagerly engaged in thinking, first what it might be that predisposed to the affection; and, secondly, how it might be met by precaution. Cure, I need not say, I was not presumptuous enough to consider. I cannot now record how the subject baffled me — what combinations of difficulty met me here, what new and unexpected phenomena started up there; but I went steadily, carefully on. I amassed my facts, I registered my observations; and at last — I hope it is not in vain boastfulness I declare it — I solved my problem. Few words will tell my explanation. The Parson throat is not the malady of necessarily loud talkers or energetic speakers; it is not induced by exaggerated efforts in the pulpit; it is not brought on by terrific denunciations delivered in the trumpet-call, or mild entreaties insinuated in the flute-stop of the human organ. It is simply and purely brought on by men persisting in preaching in an assumed unnatural voice — a conventional voice, imagined, I suppose, to be the most appropriate tone to call sinners from their wickedness and teach them to live better. You are startled by my explanation, but grant me a brief hearing. Who are the victims of this throat-affection? Not the high-and-dry old rubicund parsons, with bright frank eyes and well-rounded chins, neat of dress, knowing in horse-flesh, strong in horticulture. These hale and healthy fellows have one voice, just as they have one nature; the same note that summons the gardener to look after the dahlias cries to the congregation to take care of their souls. They are not, perhaps, out-and-out divines; there is a bucolic element through them that makes them what Sidney Smith used to call "Squarsons." They are, at all events, a very noble set of fellows and thorough gentlemen. These men are totally free from parsonitis; a case has never been known amongst them. Next come more muscular Christians, whose throats, attuned to the hunting-field, could perform, if called on, the office of a railroad whistle. These have no touch of the complaint. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

From the American Journal of Science and Arts.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

OUR honored associate, Professor BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, the founder of this Journal, whose name has appeared upon the title page of every number, from the first until the present, is with us no more. He died at his residence in New Haven, early Thursday morning, Nov. 24, 1864 (the day set apart for a national thanksgiving), having reached the age of 85 years.

It becomes our duty to place on record in these pages, as an inscription to the monument which he has himself erected, an outline of his career and a tribute to his memory. Few men enter life with such promise as he; fewer still sustain themselves so evenly, and die so widely lamented.

Instruction in natural science has been his great work; and in it he was emphatically a man of the times. Beginning when almost nothing was known in this country of the departments to which he was especially devoted, he lived to see them carried forward to a high degree of progress, and their importance everywhere acknowledged. His life, which was one of few marked incidents, was passed in his native State, in connection with Yale College, the institution that early selected him as one of its faculty. Two or three times he was invited to become the president of colleges elsewhere, but New Haven continued his chosen home. Twice he visited Europe, first in 1805-6, in order to qualify himself for his work in life by attendance upon lectures in London and Edinburgh, and by observation of foreign institutions of learning; and again, near the close of his life, in 1851, when he was accompanied by his son, and made a more extended tour of observation and inquiry. Frequent journeys in his own country made him acquainted personally with the institutions and the men of every State, while his habits of prompt and friendly correspondence perpetuated the intimacies which he formed at home and abroad.

Without attempting a formal biography (which the late day of his decease renders impossible at this time), we propose to speak briefly of Professor Silliman's career as an officer of Yale College, and as a man of science, and then of his personal character and influence in the community.

The Silliman family has resided in Fairfield, Conn., since the early colonial days. Tradition says that Claudic Sillimandi, their earliest known ancestor, was driven, in 1517, from Lucca, Italy, to Switzerland, by religious persecution. The descendants resided

in Berne, and afterward in Geneva, whence they emigrated through Holland to this country about the middle of the seventeenth century. A worthy pastor of the name, living with his family near Neuchatel, was visited by Prof. Silliman in 1851.

Ebenezer Silliman, the grandfather of Benjamin, graduated at Yale College in 1727, and Gold Selleck, the father, in 1752. The latter was a Brigadier General of militia in the Revolution, and was entrusted for a time with the defence of the Long Island coast. In 1775 he was married to Mary, the daughter of Rev. Joseph Fish of Stonington, and the widow of Rev. John Noyes. The two children of this marriage, Gold Selleck and Benjamin, became members of the same class in college, and have maintained through life an intimacy peculiarly fresh and cordial. The younger brother, Benjamin, was born in North Stratford, Conn. (now the town of Trumbull), August 8, 1779. The elder, who was born in 1777, is still living in Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Throughout his active life, Professor Silliman has been identified with Yale College. He entered the institution in 1792, graduated in 1796, became a Tutor in 1799, was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in 1804; and in 1853, having been relieved at his own request from further service as an instructor, he was designated, by the corporation, Professor *emeritus*. Thus, during a period of nearly three-quarters of a century, his name has appeared as a student and teacher successively on the catalogues of the college. He was a pupil both of Dr. Stiles and Dr. Dwight, and the colleague of the latter during eighteen years. With President Day and Professor Kingsley he was associated for half a century and more in the government of the institution.

In the capacity of a college officer, he was preëminent as a teacher. The professor's chair, in the laboratory or the lecture room, was the place above all others in which his enthusiasm, his sympathy with youthful aspirations, his varied acquisitions, his acquaintance with the world of Nature and of Art, and his graceful utterance, exerted their highest and most enduring influence. The minds which he aroused to the study of Na-

*Prof. Silliman was twice married; first, in 1800, to Harriet, daughter of the second Gov. Trumbull of Connecticut, the mother of his nine children; and, again, in 1851, to Mrs. Sarah Webb, daughter of John McClellan. Five children survive him, one son and four daughters. All are married, the eldest daughter to J. B. Church, the second to Prof. O. P. Hubbard, the third to Prof. J. D. Dana, and the fourth to Rev. E. W. Gilman. His descendants include twenty-three grandchildren, besides five deceased, and two great-grandchildren.

ture have become investigators and teachers in every portion of the country, and all his pupils, whether devoted to science or to letters, will bear testimony to the interest which he awakened in these pursuits. They will never forget the admirable tact with which the manipulations of the laboratory were performed, or the brilliant experiments in chemistry which the lecturer seemed to enjoy as if, like the class, he had never witnessed them before. The course in chemistry, in early years, extended through one hundred and twenty lectures. In later days it was not so long, but was followed by a course in mineralogy and another in geology. Here, too, Prof. Silliman had the same magnetic influence on his students, sending them off on long walks about New Haven and at home to search for specimens, or to study the phenomena of geology. The third of these annual courses, that on geology, he gave with peculiar zest and eloquence. He delighted to depict the catastrophe of geological history and to clothe the world with the plants and animals of former days.

Professor Silliman was less concerned in the government of the students than some of his associates; but questions were continually arising in which his counsel was of weight. He was prompt in rebuking every form of youthful delinquency, yet was never harsh or inconsiderate. No student ever left his presence feeling wronged or indignant. He would much rather sacrifice a rule than injure an offender. If he seemed sometimes to be lenient, it was the leniency of a father, for his mind regarded the improvement of his scholars rather than the enforcement of routine and discipline. His paternal lectures to the Freshman class on morals and manners were admirable in their influence, and many a graduate of the college will acknowledge that his habits for life were affected by the judicious hints which he received from his kind and sympathizing teacher.

Mr. Silliman's labors began with instruction; but they did not end there. His active and versatile disposition led him to become interested in and to help forward whatever would contribute to the welfare of Yale College. When he went abroad, in 1805, to fit himself for the duties of his professorship, the purchase of books for the library was one of the duties with which he was especially charged. He was one of the library committee until his retirement. In his own departments, not only the Chemical Laboratory, but also the Cabinet of Minerals owed its existence to his energy. This collection is indeed so important, that something more than the mere mention of it seems due.

About the time when Mr. Silliman was appointed a professor, the entire mineralogical and geological collection of Yale College was transported to Philadelphia in one small box, that the specimens might be named by Dr. Adam Seybert, then fresh from Werner's School at Freiberg, the only man in this country who could be regarded as a mineralogist scientifically trained. From this small beginning grew the present cabinet. In 1810, owing to personal regard for Prof. Silliman, Col. George Gibbs deposited with Yale College his valuable collection of minerals, and, after it had remained open to the public fifteen years, various friends of the college, chiefly through the instrumentality of Prof. Silliman, subscribed for its purchase the sum of \$20,000. Other important accessions were also secured through his influence, not only from college graduates and other American gentlemen, but from various foreign collectors.

The Clark telescope is another of the donations to Yale College due to Prof. Silliman. This excellent glass, the best in the country at the time of its purchase, was the means of exciting among the students of the college unusual attention to astronomical pursuits for many years after its reception. The liberal donor, a farmer near New Haven, by this and other more important gifts placed himself foremost among all the benefactors of the college up to that time, and Mr. Silliman was the medium through whom his benefactions were bestowed. The Trumbull Gallery of Paintings, a collection of priceless value, not only as works of art but also as illustrations of American history and biography, was secured to the college through the same enlightened instrumentality.* The Medical Institution of Yale College and the Sheffield School of Science, important branches of the University, were both greatly aided in their beginnings by the influential exertions put forth by Professor Silliman. He was one of the chief founders of the Alumni association of the college, and at their anniversaries and on other occasions, he was, as another has said, "the standing 'orator' of the college, the principal medium between those who dwell in the academic shade and the great public." Not unfrequently he was the college solicitor.

*It is an interesting fact that as early as 1842, Prof. Silliman, in his Alumni address, pointed out the need of another edifice for the Fine Arts, or an extension of the Trumbull Gallery, at no distant day. This want is about to be supplied by the liberality of an alumnus of the college. Prof. Silliman was prevented by illness, a week before his decease, from taking a public part in the exercises of laying the corner stone of the proposed structure.

tor, asking funds for the expansion of the institution, and never asking in vain.

Although his services as a college officer were great, Prof. Silliman's strongest claim to the gratitude of men of science rests upon the establishment, and the maintenance, often under very discouraging circumstances, of the "American Journal of Science." The history of this undertaking has already been given, in his own words, in the introduction to the 50th or Index volume of the First series of the Journal; and it is for others, rather than for us, to give an estimate of his editorial services. It is but just, however, to call attention to a few circumstances, which all will regard as creditable to its founder.

He had the sagacity to foresee, as long ago as 1818, the scope which such a magazine should take. The prospectus which he then wrote is applicable almost exactly to our pages to-day. Experience has established the wisdom of the course which he marked out.

He maintained the Journal, from the beginning, at his own pecuniary risk. Its publication has often been a serious financial burden, and in its most prosperous days has not yielded a fair return for editorial labor. But it has been continued, at this personal inconvenience, for the sake of American science, that the labors of our countrymen might be made known abroad, and the labors of Europeans understood in this country.

The Journal has never been used for the benefit of any party or individual, but solely for the advancement and diffusion of scientific truth. Its pages have been always open to free scientific discussion, with truth as the single end in view.

The original investigations of Prof. Silliman are not numerous. In the early part of his career he began with energy some important experiments and researches. He undertook a geological survey of Connecticut; he published a paper in conjunction with Prof. Kingsley on the famous Weston meteorite; he applied the newly invented blowpipe of his friend, Dr. Hare, to the fusion of a variety of bodies, which were before regarded as infusible; he demonstrated in the galvanic battery the transfer of particles of carbon from one charcoal point to the other; he made scientific examinations of various localities interesting in their geological or mineralogical aspects. But he was too much needed elsewhere to be allowed to remain a close student in the laboratory, or to engage with constancy as an explorer in the field of geological research.

He has probably been a more useful man in the wider spheres of influence to which he was called than he could have been in a life devoted to scientific investigation.

During a considerable part of his life, he was one of the few men in the country who could hold a popular audience with a lecture on science. The public early knew of his capabilities, and for many years he yielded to invitations from various parts of the country to deliver lectures on Geology and Chemistry. In 1833 he gave his first popular course on Geology at New Haven, which was repeated in 1834 at Hartford and Lowell, and in 1835 at Boston and Salem. At Boston, the audience desiring to attend was so much larger than the largest hall would hold, that each lecture was given twice for the accommodation of the public. From 1840 to 1843 inclusive, he gave four successive courses of the "Lowell Lectures" in Boston. Besides various other engagements in the Northern and Eastern states, he went in 1847 by invitation to New Orleans, and on his way appeared before crowded audiences in other cities of the South; and five years after the resignation of his professorship in college, when he had passed his 75th year, he made the long journey to St. Louis, in obedience to a call for a course of lectures from the citizens of that place.

In lecturing, his language was simple—his flow of words easy, generous and appropriate—his style animated, abounding in life-like and well-adorned description, often eloquent, and sometimes varied with anecdote running occasionally into wide digressions. His manner was natural, and every feature spoke as well as his mouth; his noble countenance and commanding figure (he was nearly six in height, with a well-built frame) often called forth, as he entered the lecture hall, the involuntary applause of his audience.

In his popular courses he often lectured on the subject of "Geology and Genesis," and as he was widely known not only as a man of science, but as a sincere believer in the sacred Scriptures, he greatly aided in removing from the religious world the apprehension that science and religion were hostile in their teachings.

Mr. Silliman found great pleasure in helping forward other men of science. He rejoiced heartily in their progress; his house and his laboratory were always open to receive them, and if a friendly word or letter from him could advance their interests, he was ever ready to bestow it. He also felt a deep concern for the advancement of scientific investigations in every part of the coun-

try, and whenever, in halls of legislation, or before the public, the name of Benjamin Silliman would advance a useful project, it was not withheld. In more than one instance, the foreigner, or the exile, remembers his kindness with almost filial devotion.

Prof. Silliman's scientific publications, apart from his contributions to this journal, were chiefly text-books. He edited Henry's Chemistry and Bakewell's Geology, for the use of his pupils, and also published a work on Chemistry, in two volumes.

His long labors for science brought him honors from all parts of the world. His name is on the roll of several of the principal scientific Academies or Societies of Europe, and of those of his own country. He was one of the original members of the National Academy of Sciences, and a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution.

Aside from Professor Silliman's influence as an officer of Yale College, and as a well known man of science, his personal hold upon the community at large was remarkably strong. This was due somewhat to the favor with which his popular lectures were received, and to the wide circuit over which he had journeyed. It was also owing in part to the pleasure and instruction which were afforded by his books of travel. Twice, as we have stated, Professor Silliman visited Europe, the interval between his journeys, being nearly fifty years. Both these visits led to the publication of his observations in volumes which were widely read. The narrative of his earlier journey especially was received by the public with great delight. Few Americans then went abroad; and hardly any had published narratives of what they had seen. Mr. Silliman's volumes were fascinating to young and old, — and many were the testimonials which he received of the interest thus awakened in European institutions and manners. His *Journal of a Tour to Canada* was another contribution to the literature of the day.

But the general influence of Mr. Silliman must be attributed to his personal character rather than to any of what may be termed the accidental circumstances of his life. He was a man of vigorous understanding and sound judgment, led on, but never carried away, by an enthusiastic disposition, glowing and constant. With this was associated sterling integrity, which never harbored a selfish or dishonorable purpose, but rejoiced in doing and encouraging whatever was right. Every one could trust him. These fundamental traits were adorned by the outward qualities of

affability and courtesy, or rather were expressed in manners at once so dignified and so kind that all with whom he came in contact were charmed at once, and on closer intercourse were bound to him as friends for life. Such friendships he never neglected or forgot. Even the sons and the grandsons of his early associates inherited a share in the regard which he had bestowed upon their parents. Blending with and ennobling all these virtues, was the child-like simplicity of his Christian faith.

A character like this shines the brighter the nearer it is seen. In his own family circle, Mr. Silliman has moved for years as a patriarch, surrounded by his descendants to the third and fourth generation. The very house which he occupied has become historic, reflecting in its arrangements, its family portraits, its interesting mementos of absent friends, and its long shelves of books, the controlling mind which has dwelt there.

In the neighborhood and town where he resided, Mr. Silliman was peculiarly beloved and respected. "New Haven will not be New Haven without him," said more than one of his associates, as he heard of his death. His hand was always open to the needy. He was given to hospitality. He frequently took part in public meetings, and was actively concerned in all questions of local improvement. He rarely, if ever, failed to discharge his duties as a citizen at the polls, and was always ready to express his opinions on questions of public policy.

A whole-souled patriot, he viewed with the deepest interest the complications brought into the affairs of the country by the system of slavery. His general benevolence ever led him to sympathize with the oppressed, and the wrongs of the African touched him deeply. We cannot better indicate his feelings on this subject than by quoting a few sentences from his private journal under the date of April, 1850. After mentioning the death of the champion of what have been called "Southern rights," John C. Calhoun, his former pupil and friend, he gives a brief sketch of his character, concluding as follows:

"His public career has been highly distinguished. It is, however, very much to be regretted that he, many years ago, narrowed down his great mind to sectional views, and that he became morbidly sensitive and jealous of encroachment as regards the South, especially in reference to the protective tariff and to slavery. The former prompted his efforts for nullification, and the latter excited him to a vindication of slavery in the abstract. He, in a great measure, changed the state of opinion

and the manner of speaking and writing upon this subject in the South, until we have come to present to the world the mortifying and disgraceful spectacle of a great republic—and the only real republic in the world—standing forth in vindication of slavery, without prospect of, or a wish for, its extinction. If the views of Mr. Calhoun, and of those who think with him, are to prevail, slavery is to be sustained on this great continent forever. I will not occupy my pages with any extended remarks upon this subject which is now agitating the national councils, and to a degree the nation itself. * * * It [the great question] is in better hands than man's; and I trust ultimately the colored men of all races on this continent will be received into the great human family as rational beings and as heirs of immortality."

As soon as the atrocities in Kansas revealed the determination of the advocates of slavery to perpetuate and extend that institution, even if they dissevered or destroyed the nation, Mr. Stilliman came out with all his youthful ardor, and with the influence of his years and reputation, as the opponent of the slave-power. He thus became the object of personal defamation, even in the Senate chamber at Washington; but he still remained firm, for he recognized in this war a slaveholder's rebellion. All the lofty sentiments of patriotism which were awakened in childhood, as he witnessed the commencement of national life, were intensified by this struggle to maintain the Union. He was sure that the nation would be purified by the conflict, and liberty established through all the land.

Mr. Silliman has always been remarkable for uniform good health, and in his later years manifested but slightly the encroachments of age. To the last, his form was as erect, his brow as serene, and his

features as full of life and cheerfulness as in his earlier days; and his gait was only a little slower and more cautious.

He continued as usual until the middle of November just past, when he was for a few days quite unwell, probably as an immediate consequence of exposure to cold in attending an evening meeting in behalf of the Sanitary Commission. He had gradually, to appearance, regained nearly his former strength during the following week, and, on Wednesday, was intending to join the family Thanksgiving festival the next day at the house of his son-in-law, Prof. Dana. On the morning of that day, Nov. 24th, he awoke early, after a night of quiet rest, feeling stronger, as he said, than he had done for some days. He spoke with his wife of the many reasons there were for thankfulness, both public and private, dwelling at length upon the causes for national gratitude, especially in the recent re-election to the Presidency of a man who had proved himself so true, so honest, so upright in conducting the affairs of the government as Mr. Lincoln. As was his custom, while still in his bed, he offered up a short prayer, and repeated a familiar hymn of praise. In resuming his conversation, before rising, he spoke of the possibility of his attending the public services of the day, of the happiness of his home, of the love of his children, and, in strong terms, of endearment, of his wife. Just as these his last words of love were uttered, there was a sudden change of countenance, a slightly heavier breath and he was gone. At the advanced age of 85, life to him was still beautiful; and not less so was its close. His sun set in the blessedness of the Christian's faith, to rise on a brighter morrow.

The *Moniteur Scientifique* announces a new method of preparing marble artificially. It is stated to consist in simply heating lithographic limestone and chalk in a porcelain vessel closed to prevent the entrance of atmospheric air. Some of the specimens thus produced are said to resemble Carrara marble.

A little paper published at the Alexandria

hospital, called the *Cripple*, has the following lines on a dead soldier:—

Only a soldier,
Gone to his rest,
With the dear banner
Wrapp'd round his breast!
Only a private,
Left the stern wars,
For a promotion
'Mong the bright stars!

From the *Spectator*, 16 Jan.

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA.

In the *Spectator* of September 24* we showed how General Sherman, by main strength and skill, drove the Confederate army under General Johnston over the Chattahoochee, and tumbled the same army, under General Hood, out of Atlanta. We have now to describe how he made use of his success to march through the State of Georgia and capture Savannah.

The capture of Atlanta, both in a military and political point of view, shook the Confederacy to its centre. Regarded from a military point of view, we see that it planted a Federal army clear beyond the Georgian mountains, laid bare the plains, and offered to the invader a choice of lines of operation. Regarded from a political point of view, we see that it afforded strong support to those Georgians and Alabamians who were meditating on the means of re-joining the Union. Mr Davis felt the danger to be so great that he hurried to the south-west, endeavored by his speeches to counteract the tendency to desert the Confederacy, and sought to infuse a new spirit into the army. He harangued the citizens, diplomatized with the governor, and so far succeeded that they agreed to support him in a fresh attempt to force the Federals to relax their hold on the State and press them back to the Tennessee. In order the more fully to show his sense of the danger, and to secure the great object in view, he confided the entire command of the south-west to the petted and overrated Beauregard. Between them, Davis, Beauregard, and Hood, devised a great plan for the salvation of the State. It was determined that a Southern army should again assume the offensive, and it was confidently predicted that one short month would see the Confederate flag triumphant on the Tennessee.

The plan of the campaign was based on the position of the Federals. General Sherman, with his main force at Atlanta, drew his supplies from Nashville through Chattanooga. The intervening country was held by a chain of Federal posts guarding the railway. It was relatively weaker between the Chattahoochee and the Tennessee, than it was between the Tennessee and the Cumberland, because the latter was defended by three or four intrenched camps, which were virtually fortresses, between which an army would find it hazardous to move, while the latter was a single line. The calculation of the Confederates was

based on their knowledge of the effect which an attack upon a line of retreat produces upon the majority of generals. They thought that at the first news of the presence of a Confederate force on the road between Atlanta and Chattanooga Sherman would evacuate the former and endeavor to retreat on the latter. Thus with or without a battle Georgia would be redeemed. They had miscalculated two things—the strength of the Federal works at Allatoona and the depth of Sherman's military ability. Hood crossed the Chattahoochee towards the end of September on a line parallel with the railroad. Sherman, getting news of this, followed with an army, but he did not quit his hold on Atlanta. Hood struck at Allatoona, but recoiled with loss, and having gained two or three days' marches upon his adversary, he pushed on over the Etowah, and leaving a force in Snake Creek Gap he sent part of his army towards Dalton. But Sherman was now coming up rapidly. Dalton fell, but Sherman was in front of Snake Creek Gap, and Hood, unable to live anywhere on or near the line, saw that if he did not withdraw before Sherman could force the gap he would be beaten in detail. He therefore retreated in haste by one of the Georgian valleys to Gadsden in Alabama. Sherman followed, and took post at Gaylesville. This was the end of the first series of movements. It was not, though they thought it was, favorable to the Confederates. Hood had failed to interrupt to any serious extent the railway line of communication. He was forced off it, and there was Sherman with communications intact watching for the next Confederate move. Now Hood, having failed in the first requisite of success, had he been wise, would have returned to the left bank of the Chattahoochee, but having, as he thought, "drawn" Sherman so far, he imagined he might draw him further. Beauregard had come up, riding by cross country roads, and instead of returning to cover Georgia, Beauregard, rounding the rougher parts of the mountains, plunged forward to the Tennessee. He had designed a great combination in which Forrest played a part, and he evidently reckoned that he could reach Nashville before Sherman, or at all events that to defend Nashville Sherman would cross the Tennessee.

He was mistaken. He had underestimated the military skill, and what is of equal moment, the moral courage of the Federal General. Sherman saw his opportunity at a glance; he saw that the Confederate army was committed beyond recall

*In *Living Age*, No. 1064.

he knew that he could dispose of troops enough to make Tennessee safe; and he knew, moreover, that there could be no force throughout the length and breadth of Georgia capable of resisting one of his *corps d'armee*. He determined to leave General Thomas to account for General Hood, and to march himself to Savannah. He might have adopted a strategy less bold and original. He might have contented himself with holding Atlanta and the railroad, and fronting Hood on the Tennessee. But with a quick eye, he saw one of those opportunities by which a great general delights to profit. He saw the blunder of the Confederates in all its magnitude, and he took full advantage. As soon as he knew of the march of Hood from Gadsden he fell back upon the railroad, and then, abandoning Rome, Kingston, Resaca, Allatoona, every post on his line of advance, tearing up the track and burning the bridges as he went, he concentrated four corps and some thousands of horsemen at Atlanta, and applying the torch to all that remained of that place, set forth, vanishing for the moment from the view of his compatriots, and for a month's space only heard of through the columns of the Confederate journals. The army marched on the 14th; Atlanta was destroyed on the 15th. Three days later, Beauregard, then at Corinth, was astounded by a report that the result of his fine strategy had been to open the most fertile breadth of Georgia to the unopposed march of the Federal army. Beauregard sent Hood forward to destruction, and hastened himself by devious paths to succor Georgia. But as he was of no use, and did nothing further, we need say no more about him.

In order to reach Savannah, which was his objective point, General Sherman had to traverse two hundred and fifty miles, but this distance measured on the map is only an approximation to the real length of the march. There were only three places in the country capable of making any defense — Macon, Augusta, and Savannah. It was the object of Sherman to operate on the two great railways, the main arteries of Georgia, and to move in such a manner that the handful of Confederates scraped up to defend the State could not be sure until it was too late whether he intended to attack Macon or Augusta, or to leave both alone. The two railways, — one leading from Atlanta to Augusta, the other from Atlanta through Macon to Savannah, — form to a certain point the framework of the Federal lines of march. That point is Millen, on the Savannah road, where a branch starts off north-

west to Augusta. Between these two lines is a flat and flourishing country, hitherto untouched by war, swarming with negroes, horses, mules, cattle, and poultry, and covered with abundant crops of grain and vegetables. It is a tract of land where the mountains subside and the plains begin. Three considerable streams run through it, the Ocmulgee and the Oconee, which unite to form the Altamaha and the Ogeechee, which lingers through rice swamps and pine barrens, and flows into Ossabaw Sound, a few miles south-west of Savannah. A glance at the map will show that if the Federal army reached Millen, between the Ogeechee and Savannah rivers, it would be safe from all attacks save those in front or rear.

To accomplish his object Sherman had selected from his army four of his best corps; the left wing, consisting of the 14th and 20th, was given to General Slocum; the right, composed of the 15th and 17th, was entrusted to General Howard. The cavalry were placed under Kilpatrick, but received special orders from Sherman himself. Quitting Atlanta the army at once spread out like a fan, the extreme left sweeping down the Augusta road, the extreme right marching towards Macon, the space between being covered by two corps, one from each wing, and the horse riding well on the flanks. Milledgeville, on the Oconee, was the first point of concentration for the left wing. The right wing preceded and flanked by cavalry, went down the roads towards Macon, sweeping away the small opposing forces mustered by Cobb and Wheeler, and advancing as far as Griffin. The left wing went by Covington to Madison, and there, sending the horse towards Augusta, turned southward by way of Eatonton to Milledgeville. The right after manœuvring in the direction of Macon, crossed the Ocmulgee above it, and passing by Clinton descended upon Gordon, whence a branch line leads to Milledgeville. The movement of troops on so many points had confounded the Confederates. The authorities at Augusta believed their town was the object of the march, those at Macon were certain it was against them the enemy was coming, for were they not close to the place, and had not the left wing drawn towards the right? In reality, Sherman had turned Macon, and had cut off at least the infantry force there, and rendered it useless. They showed fight, however, attacking a small Federal force, pushed up to Griswoldville to protect the men destroying the railroad, and were punished severely for their courage. On the 23d, a week after quitting Atlanta the left wing was united at Mil-

ledgeville and the right at Gordon, while the cavalry were scouring the flanks.

In the meantime General Wheeler had ridden round the right flank, and crossing the Oconee, had turned to defend the passage of the swampy stream. But his resistance was vain. Slocum moved out from Milledgeville upon Sandersville, and Howard marched on both sides of the Savannah railway, thrusting Wheeler away from the bridge over the Oconee, and crossing himself without the loss of a man. The left wing was now converging on Louisville, while the right struck across the country by Swainsboro upon Millen. It was now plain that the Confederates had no troops strong enough to interrupt the march, for the efforts of Wheeler did not arrest the forward movement of the columns. In this way covering a wide front, now filing through swamps, now spreading out on a broad front under the tufted pines, now halting to tear up twist, and burn rails and sleepers, now collecting cattle and forage, and everywhere welcomed and followed by the negroes, the army pressed forward towards its goal. The left flankers came down through Sparta, the solid body of the left wing marched through Davisboro, the right moved steadily forward upon Millen, while Kilpatrick was in the front threatening Waynesboro, and destroying the bridges on the road to Augusta. At length the whole force, save one corps, crossed the Ogeechee and united at Millen.

Here, again, Sherman kept his opponents in doubt respecting the course he would pursue. At Millen he threatened both Augusta and Savannah, and he made such strong demonstrations on the Augusta road that he led the Confederates to fear for Augusta, and so prevented them from concentrating troops at Savannah. Kilpatrick, supported by two infantry brigades, very effectually disposed of Wheeler. The army halted two days, and refreshed and united,

began on the 2nd of December its final march upon Savannah. The whole force, save one corps, went steadily down the strip of land between the Savannah and the Ogeechee, while the one corps on the right bank, marching in two columns, a day in advance of the main body, effectually prevented the Confederates from making any stand on the main road by constantly flanking every position. The precaution was a sound one, but it was not needed. General Hardee was in no condition to fight a battle, and so the main body arrived before Savannah five and twenty days after it quitted Atlanta, and the flanking corps crossing the Ogeechee at Eden the whole force was united. It was richer than when it started, having so many negroes, horses, cattle, and mules as to be almost an incumbrance. On the 13th Sherman carried Fort M'Allister by storm, and thus he was in communication with the fleet, for this fort guarded the mouth of the Ogeechee, and its capture opened Ossabaw Sound to the gunboats. The first step was to get rid of the impedimenta, the next to invest the place. This was difficult. There was an outlet over the river into South Carolina, which it would take time to close. On the 20th the fleet on one side and the land forces on the other had got within striking distance of the ferry, and Hardee, feeling that he could not be relieved; and that if he stayed a moment longer the outlet would be stopped, slipped through in the night, and plunged over the rice swamps to Charleston. On the 21st, thirty-six days after leaving Atlanta, Sherman was master of Savannah, having successfully accomplished the greatest march and delivered the heaviest stroke yet accomplished and delivered during the war, and having done this "without the loss of a waggon," and with a loss of men less than that frequently incurred in some paltry skirmish.

MR. SUMNER thus closed his pointed, eloquent, and convincing argument in the Senate, against retaliation in kind: "It is long since I first raised my voice in this chamber against the 'barbarism of slavery,' and I have never ceased to denounce it, in season and out of season. *But the rebellion is nothing but that very barbarism armed for battle.* Plainly it is our duty to over-

come it; *not to imitate it.* And here I stand."

THE LATE JOHN LEECH. — The number of sketches of all kinds left by Mr. John Leech is now ascertained to be about 5,000, and they will be sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, in the middle of April.

From the Times, Nov. 23d.

THE GREAT DURBAR AT LAHORE AND EFFECT OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

On the 18th of last month, as the telegraph informed us, Sir John Lawrence "held a durbar at Lahore." The meaning of this simple announcement was that the Queen of England had, by her representative and deputy the Viceroy of India, been holding a *levee* in Central Asia, and had received the homage of six hundred princes assembled from remote regions in her honor.

The Punjab is the north-westernmost province of British India. So far does it penetrate into Asia that a single step over the border will take you into Independent Tartary. It is continuous with the rudest parts of China and the wilds of Afghanistan. On these frontiers reside chieftains amenable to little authority save that of opinion—monarchs with considerable territories or princes with patriarchal power. In the province itself there is an aristocracy of no mean quality, whose allegiance has passed from a native sovereign to the Queen of this realm. To this province, as large and as populous as a European kingdom, Sir John repaired in the course of a progress through the Presidency, and there invited all the chiefs within range of a high Durbar. Six hundred and four obeyed the summons, including kings under our protection, princes of the hills, military lords from Afghan border, and the high nobility of the Punjab itself. No native monarch had ever convoked such a Court. The Mogul sovereigns could not thus have commanded the Punjab; Runjeet Singh, the great ruler of the Punjab, could not have controlled the princes on the frontier. But on this occasion none were so high or so low as to neglect the call. Partly from the local renown of Sir John Lawrence, but partly also from the enhanced and growing reputation of the British rule, all concurred in tendering the compliment conveyed by the ceremony, even the old and infirm being brought to the rendezvous.

The Durbar was held in magnificent tents pitched on a smooth plain outside the walls of Lahore. The commencement of the ceremony was expected at nine in the morning, but the smaller chiefs began to arrive at seven, and before half-past eight the highest of the assembly were in their places. In the East magnificence of costume is still expected, and the dresses of these Asiatic princes might be chronicled like the toilets at our royal drawing-rooms. The Rajah of

Jheend was dressed in pure white muslin, gleaming all over with diamonds and emeralds, and a yellow turban. The Maharajah of Putteala, a very important personage, wore a dress of rich lavender silk, but so overlaid with emeralds and pearls that the color could hardly be distinguished. The Maharajah of Cashmere and his son, a boy of ten, were in white, with red and yellow turbans, emeralds and diamonds. One chief, of great stature, appeared in black and gold with a green turban; another showed his true Sikh extraction by a robe of pure yellow. The characters and histories of these princes were as striking and varied as their apparel. There were the two high priests of the Sikh nation, lineal descendants of the very prophet who founded the State. There was the very Sikh nobleman who, as the best horseman of his race, had led the charge against us at Chillianwallah. There was the noble Persian of the Kussilbash tribe who had rescued the English prisoners from Cabul. There was a little nabob, only seven years old, who behaved with as much intelligence and composure as the most experienced ruler. One chieftain present was noted as the handsomest man in the Northwest, another as the wittiest, a third as the heaviest—who was so large, indeed, that the arms of his chair had to be cut off before he could be seated. Not a State, not a dynasty, not a principality, not an office, not a dignity remained unrepresented in that Durbar.

And who were they who received the reverence of this unparalleled assembly? The two first representatives of the Sovereign of India had been Irish lads at a school at Londonderry; the next was a Bluecoat-boy at Christ's Hospital less than thirty years ago. One of these, however, now, in the name of his Queen, governed the whole of India more completely and absolutely than it ever had been governed by the Great Moguls; and as the entire meeting rose in his honour he addressed the chiefs in their own language with the ease and fluency of a native. Never up to this time had such a proceeding been recorded. Some of the earlier Governors of India could certainly have spoken Hindostanee, but they never enjoyed such an occasion of doing so. It was reserved for Sir John Lawrence to unite the accomplishments and the power which thus brought him into direct intercourse with the Rajahs, the Maharajahs, the Nabobs, and the Sirdars of territories once beyond our knowledge, and to these princes he addressed words of impressive simplicity and force. He told them how, when he lately

stood in the presence of the Queen of England, she had inculcated on him the duty of promoting their welfare, and how her Consort, the Prince whose greatness and goodness were everywhere known, had always felt the deepest interest in the prosperity of India. He reminded them of the solid advantages which they had actually derived from the English rule, and acknowledged the devotion by which in the hour of our peril they had repaid the obligation. He told them to educate their children in sound learning, and to acquaint themselves with the true policy and intentions of their rulers, so that they might discern and recognise the character of our Government. Then the whole six hundred were presented to him one by one, princes and their heirs-apparent, great Ministers of State, Rajahs and Nabobs, spiritual potentates and military chiefs.

It was thought that six hours would be required for a list of presentations, of which none could be omitted or hurried; but so successfully were the ceremonies conducted that half the time was saved, and the Durbar was over at noon. First rolled away the Viceroy's carriage, escorted by his body guard and under a royal salute, and then three or four princes of the highest rank were escorted to their trains with almost equal ceremony. But when the most lordly of the grandees had departed the assembly gradually broke up, and resolved itself into a stately mob of Oriental dignitaries. Conspicuous in the crowd were two ambassadors from Kokan, a city remote and obscure even in the eyes of the Sikhs themselves, who had arrived on a mission from the fabulous regions beyond Bokhara. Two battalions of British infantry, with a few squadrons of cavalry, sufficed to represent the military power of that empire to which all this reverence had been paid; and one of these regiments conducted in no slight degree to the gratification of the nobles assembled. Whether from fastidiousness of taste or otherwise it might be dangerous to inquire, but of all European music the Indian ear loves that of the Scottish bagpipe alone, and when the pipers of the 93rd were ordered out to play, the gratification of her Majesty's princely vassals was complete. Three times were the pipes brought up and played round the great tent to the delight of the company; and the Maharajah of Cashmere, we are informed, has sent an embassy to Sealkote for the express purpose of getting instruction on the instrument from the Highland corps quartered there, while another hill chieftain has bespoken the

genuine article direct from Edinburgh. A single morning witnessed the beginning and conclusion of this extraordinary scene, but if its character and import are duly considered, it will take rank with any ceremony of ancient or modern times.

(*Morning Star*, Nov. 23.)

Sir John Lawrence has good reason to be proud of his visit to Lahore. If it affords him satisfaction to be sustained by public sympathy at home, it must be still more gratifying to him to have secured the goodwill of the people over whom he has been appointed to rule; and no more certain proof that this is really the case could be furnished than the marks of confidence and goodwill which he has received from the princes and chiefs of the Punjab. We have not to look far for the secret of his popularity. It is not to be sought for in the might of arms or the pomp of a ceremonious court, but in the widespread conviction that he was a just man, whose highest aim was the public good. It is something to have a Governor-General who can address the chiefs, as he did on this occasion, in Hindostanee; it creates a link only second to that which is formed by identity of race. If, when his Excellency presented the star of India to the Rajah of Kupperotulla, he had addressed him in English, his words, so well calculated to inspire all his hearers with a feeling of emulation, would have lost much of their force in being translated by the interpreter. But important as a knowledge of native languages may be, this is a trifle light as air compared with the real source of Sir John Lawrence's influence. That may be discovered in the memorials of his beneficent administration. He modestly alluded to them in the speech which he delivered at the opening of the Durbar. The lightening of taxation; the construction of works of public utility, such as canals and roads; the establishment of schools of learning—these were the wise fruits of his enlightened policy. No wonder that in 1857 the brave Punjaubees were faithful among the faithless found, and helped so materially to roll back the tide of mutiny and insurrection. "Every man," said his Excellency, "from the highest to the lowest, can appreciate a good ruler;" and such a one only begets loyalty and contentment. This he said not in relation to himself (although we may fairly give it the strictest personal application), but in allusion to his colleagues and predecessors. Chief amongst these was Sir Robert Montgomery, the present Lieutenant-Gov-

error of the Punjaub, and his Excellency's schoolfellow of forty years ago, who, by a strange caprice of fortune, has for six years past worthily held the same post as that in which Sir John acquired his great renown. It is encouraging to be assured, on the Viceroy's own authority, that the work which he began has been continued to this present hour, and that all around him he was privileged to see the smiling faces of a happy and contented population, and abundant evidences of material improvement. Long may it be ere this pleasant picture is darkened by the turbulence of faction or the intrigues of ambitious men. Of this there can be no doubt, that the only sure mode of averting for the future the disasters which only seven years ago filled India with carnage and desolation is to be found in that policy of justice and conciliation which Sir John Lawrence inaugurated in the Punjaub, and which, under Providence, was the means of saving the empire.

From the Athenæum.

Lord Bacon not the Author of 'The Christian Paradoxes'; being a Reprint of 'Memorials of Godliness and Christianity,' by Herbert Palmer, B. D. With Introduction, Memoir, and Notes, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. (Printed for Private Circulation.)

MR. GROSART, of Kinross, may be called a lucky man; for he has made a discovery of some moment, and explained his discovery in a little book, which is all but perfect of its kind. Herbert Palmer, Bachelor of Divinity, may also be called a lucky man; for he wrote a book which made some noise in the world on its own merits,—which was then reprinted as Bacon's, when it made a far greater noise in the world on *his* merits,—and which he has now had restored to him with accumulated interest, to be his own forever. In connection with the great controversy on Bacon's life, we shall long remember this odd episode in literary annals, and with it the names of Palmer and Grosart.

Francis Bacon is not the author of those brilliant Paradoxes which bear his name; the glory and the shame alike belong to Herbert Palmer, a good old Puritan divine, not given to jokes, incapable of playing with a sacred theme: this is the great fact which Mr. Grosart has fixed beyond reach of competent doubt. Palmer wrote them, Palmer published them, Palmer only is responsible for them. These subtle sayings

have to vanish from all editions of Bacon's recognized writings, and the charge of atheism, lightness, mockery, and what not, founded upon them, must also vanish.

Mr. Grosart shows in a brief but lucid way the evil uses which have been made of the Paradoxes in the attempt to darken Bacon's fame. The work of misreading began with Bayle. It suited the French sceptic to insinuate that Bacon was an unbeliever in Christian truth; for Bacon was a great authority in France, where his influence over thought was then more despotic than it has ever been in his native land. Bayle, affecting to consider the Paradoxes decisive, proclaimed that Bacon was an atheist; a practice in which he was soon followed by Condillac, Cabanis and Lasalle, and by a good many more recent writers. Joseph de Maistre stumbles in the same way: the great English philosopher is an unbeliever, and the evidence of his guilt is found in these Paradoxes. Among the Germans he has fared no better; Ritter especially abusing him for his lack of real Christian faith, the Paradoxes again being the evidence adduced in support of such a charge.

All these false and scandalous inferences are swept away by Mr. Grosart's discovery that Herbert Palmer is the actual author of the inculcated text, leaving the traducers of Bacon under the logical consequence of inferring treason out of words now seen to be loyal. It is not the worst kind of shame under which they lie.

Herbert Palmer, the hero of this amusing and illustrative mistake, was a son of Sir John Palmer of Wingham, in East Kent, where he was born, in March, 1601-2. He was a pious baby, having a mother who sought the Lord, and taught her child to lisp in his cradle of heavenly things. He seems to have been early famous for French and Latin, speaking French like a native, and feeling as much affection for the Huguenot Church as for that of Baxter and Bunyan. At fourteen he went down to Cambridge, where he entered at St. John's took his M.A. degree in 1622, and was elected a Fellow of Queen's in 1623. Next year he was ordained, and in 1626 began to lecture at Canterbury, in the Church of St. Alphege; on which he gave up his Fellowship at Queen's. As a preacher his success was great; and in the grave and sober society of the place he was a favorite—not less on account of his gentle birth and independent fortune than because of his sweetness of manner and sincerity of mind. In 1632, he was made vicar of Ashwell by

Laud; an act of liberality which the Primate afterwards quoted as one of his "good deeds." In the same year he became one of the University of Preachers. In 1643, he sat in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, in which he was appointed one of the assessors, and had the duty of drawing up the famous Addresses to the Sister Churches. For his services in this Assembly he was made Master of Queen's College. In a short time he was called to minister in the new pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster, then, from its audience being great lords, great judges, and parliamentary men, the most important pulpit in the Church. In 1647, the heat of war being now past, and his cause triumphant, he expired, and his grateful parishioners interred him in the parish church.

Such are the few outward facts now known of the man who was the true author of a book long quoted and discussed as Bacon's. His writings would supply materials for filling in this skeleton with flesh and blood, if any body should care to have further details. Mr. Grosart says of him, by way of summary:—

"It may be observed, in a sentence, that while his published writings are limited to a few occasional 'Sermons' and tracts—his largest being the first part of the 'Sabbatum Redivivum,' in association with Cawdrey—there is nevertheless sufficient to show that his contemporary renown and reverence rested on no fortuitous base. There is depth as well as breadth, and an intense grasp of whatever he handles. Occasionally gleams of beauty illumine a massive argument—snatches of melody, a seer-like exposure of sin. You have the conviction of reserved power throughout; and behind many a noble unfolding of the 'way, the truth, and the life,' you get a sight of the preacher on his knees. You have the feeling also that not a few of the conclusions reached have been the issue of profound meditation, not unvisited by speculation, not untempted of doubt. You see that he is one who looked into the 'heart of things.' But the main characteristic that impresses itself is the unearthly 'holiness' of the man—the grand reality of his 'Life' with God; and when Laud—not unnaturally perhaps—declined his attendance in the Tower and at the block, he 'unawares' refused to 'entertain an angel.' Of his personal appearance . . . we have an anecdote confirmatory of his 'little stature' and outwardly unimpressive look, and of the transfiguration which his speaking effected. I give it in the words of Clarke: It is memorable that an ancient French gentlewoman, when she saw him the first time coming into the pulpit, being startled at the smallness of his personal appearance and the weakness of his look, cried out, in the hearing of those that sat by her,

Hola! que nous dira cest enfant icy?—Alas! what should this child say to us? But having heard him pray and preach with so much spiritual strength and vigor she lifts her hands to heaven with admiration and joy, blessing God for what she had heard.' Even the old 'print' shews a body 'o'er informed' by the burning soul within. There is a worn, wistful, sad forth-look that is unspeakably touching. The many-wreathed head of Bacon can well spare the few green leaves of the authorship of 'The Paradoxes'; and so we gladly place them around that of HERBERT PALMER."

Right that it should be so; not only because truth is truth, and justice justice, but because the two men will each be richer for the change. In restoring the Paradoxes to Palmer, we give him a niche in literature, and we relieve Bacon from a position in which he was liable to a false and scandalous accusation. It is strange to see how Time is bringing his revenges upon all Bacon's traducers, involving them in the meshes of bad logic, bad evidence, and bad faith.

Now that these Christian Paradoxes are shown to have been written by a pious Puritan, will they have the same charm for all readers? We feel some doubt. While they were thought to be of such illustrious origin, they compelled attention; and every man wishing to comprehend the religious side of Bacon's life was forced to study them with care. But when they drop out of the new editions of Bacon's works, we fear they will drop out of sight and remembrance, except so far as they shall survive in Mr. Grosart's useful little volume.

From the London Review.

STEPMOTHERS.

AN ingenious story in the *Cornhill Magazine* brings us back to an ancient theme which is not yet threadbare, though it is as old as Homer—the position of a stepmother among her stepchildren. The congruity of this connection is a trite subject for satirists and it has become the fashion among poets, both classical and modern, to lay the blame of all domestic embroglios that result from it upon the stepmother. It is a singular thing to see the literary world picking out a few inoffensive women in this way for its butt, and systematically insisting that any one who marries into a family where there are children already born is sure sooner or later, to turn out a female fury. The continual repetition of the fiction ends by creating an impression that it rests upon the widest possible induction. If all prose writers of

eminence, and all poets with any pretensions to romance, affirm that stepmothers are, and always will be, female furies, the world begins to acquiesce at last in the suggestion, and to shake its head whenever a stepmother is mentioned. In reality, the idea obtains not so much because it is true or natural as because it is to be found in very celebrated writers, and therefore is assumed to be classical and correct. What Homer says, Virgil said after him, and Ovid intimates as well. What Homer, Virgil, and Ovid agree together in remarking, all Parnassus is sure to be anxious to proclaim at the top of its voice; every muse has something to say on the subject, and every improvisatore lays in a stock of epithets about it. Some half-savage wife, centuries on centuries ago, in a poem, who is described as unkind to her stepchildren, thus furnishes a weapon to all misogynists for ever; and the vices of Hyppolyte are always being cast up by successive generations against young women who never heard her name. Virgil goes twice or three times out of his way to dwell upon the natural injustice and ferocity of the stepmother. Ovid, like Virgil, considered stepmothers the great poisoners of the age. No literary author, accordingly, of any grade or any date, goes by without picking up his stone to fling at the unfortunate stepmother, whose iniquities in the course of time become a recognized conventionality. The stepmother is condemned in the High Courts of Literature, from which there is no appeal, and is left for execution without hope of mercy.

It would not be very surprising if such unanimity on the part of all the literary world were to end by persuading stepmothers themselves of the dire inhumanity of their nature, and the untenable character of their position. To see herself condemned already upon literary grounds by every literary critic, and to be told that the exhibition of any gentle feminine qualities would be flying in the face of Virgil and of Ovid, must be a trial to a woman even of the best common sense. It is not every young lady in her honeymoon who has the courage to feel that Ovid in such matters must have been an ass. Still less does it perhaps occur to her to reflect that since the mythological age at which Ovid's classical heroines lived, or may be taken to have lived, the world has run a course of between two and three thousand years, and Belgravia and Tyburnia have little in common with the princesses of Thessaly, or the farmer's wives of Epirus. She does not know that all the calumny may be traced back to three or

four old scandal-mongers of antiquity, and that the gossips of Homer's time are the original cause why her husband's maiden aunts pretend to pity the first wife's children with such unnecessary ostentation. It is curious to observe how the world creates false positions for itself. It seems to be the object of society and of cynical philosophers to render impossible any situation which happens to be only difficult, and to prevent success wherever there is reason to believe in the possibility of failure. Many relations in life that might be endurable and tolerable, are embittered by the cynical conclusions at which everyone around is ready at once to leap. Every story-book warns the stepchildren to beware of their second mother, and the stepmother to distrust her own instincts, till both parties dream themselves into thinking that it is not to be expected that they should live in happiness or peace. The clouds that overshadow our lives are usually the result of imagination. Herodotus tells us of an Egyptian king, who, desiring to experiment upon human nature in its rawest form, shut up together on a desert island two children before they had learnt to take notice or to speak. Whatever became of them, they probably lived, so long as they remained on the island, without ever knowing what it was to be in a false position. It is a pity that the philosophy of "false positions" cannot oftener be tested by so simple and cynical a method. "False positions" usually signify nothing worse than positions about which other people may say something disagreeable if they choose. The false position of a stepmother means only that female jealousy — when it exists — will poison all domestic happiness; and that women who marry a man who has been married before are likely to be jealous. The former portion of the remark is a mere truism. The second is a libel upon feminine nature. Of course, women are liable to jealousy, just as women are liable to scarlet fever; but there is no greater reason why a good woman should begin her married life by being jealous than why she should begin it by a severe attack of measles. On the contrary, the idea of motherless children is one peculiarly calculated to touch a feeling woman's heart. It is not easy to picture a conception more touching in itself, and probably none are so inclined to pity and cherish orphans as those who are, or are likely themselves to become, mothers. It is not very often that the material interests of the two sets of children clash. Such things happen in sensation novels, the authors of which know a great deal more in general of see-

ond-rate romance, than they do of real life, or of law, or of marriage settlements. Nor is a father likely to be less fond of his younger family, because he cares also for his elder. With coarse and vulgar people such difficulties and jealousies always will occur.

There are some women who when they marry show themselves jealous of everything and everybody upon the spot. They are jealous of their husband's friends. They are jealous of his relatives. They are jealous of all other women, and most other men. For the credit of human nature such people must be taken to be exceptions. Cultivated and generous women experience nothing of the kind; and marriage produces with them a 'crop not of fresh antipathies, but of fresh sympathies.' All jealous wives have doubtless been torments in a minor way to their bosom friends, to their sisters, and to their acquaintances, long before they put on the marriage ring; and marriage has not changed their natures so much as given them a new soil whereon to sow the seeds of suspicion and uneasiness. If poets, when they chanted the wickedness of stepmothers, clearly gave the world to understand that they only meant to say that bad women will make bad stepmothers, no one could complain. The misfortune is, that they make a general rule which is only true with respect to the worse specimens of the sex. A bad woman will make a bad stepmother, just as she will be a bad aunt. But a good woman will be no worse a stepmother than she is a wife.

The chief harm done by the *cantilena* about stepmothers is the poison instilled into the minds of the children themselves. Children are naturally suspicious. Their acute perception leads them to notice every movement and look of those with whom they live; and it is part of their native sensitiveness and fancy to invent theories to account for phenomena which in reality proceed from the purest chance. Jealousy, indeed, is a childish, quite as much as it is a feminine foible; whatever jealousy accompanies the relation in question lying, perhaps, for the most part, on the children's side. The older the children are, the more tact and delicacy their temper and disposition will certainly require from the woman who has undertaken to supply to them a mother's place; but there is no awkwardness about discharging such duties, which is not surpassed by the other invariable difficulties of a married woman's life. For what awkwardness exists, the poets are to blame. A clever woman can, perhaps, laugh at Ovid's nonsense. But the nonsense creeps into a child's heart

and a child's imagination twice as easily, and is twice as hard to eradicate when it has taken root. Every one who knows children, knows what trivial fancies have power to embitter their lives. That the lives of stepchildren are sometimes embittered is due less to the stepmother than to the unconscious malice of a score of relatives, who pretend to themselves not to be aware that every time they lift their eyebrows at the new wife's name, they are dropping venom into innocent and naturally loving hearts. The proof that the fault rests rather on this side than the other, is the fact that in circles where the stepchildren are young, there is rarely a shadow of a cloud. They never hear the ridiculous gossip of the poets and romancers till a long and happy store of experience has taught them to laugh at it. Were it not for the world without, they never would have dreamt till their lives were over of any necessary difference between a first and second mother. If such domestic histories were presented in a tale, the novelist might say that the histories were unnatural. That they should be less piquant than the fictions in which every one is at cross purposes, and in which every home is the theatre of internecine war, it is easy to conceive. But those who know life best know that the novelists would be wrong. Not only is it true that "such things are," but they "are" very much oftener than not. Real life is on the side of the stepmothers in such cases, and it is only fiction that is against them. It seems, however, to be the law that the stepmothers should be the invariable victims of literary fiction; and anecdotes of terrible stepmothers will never be ineffective so long as society is thoughtless, women sensitive, or children suspicious.

From the London Review.

THE LAST MAN.

THE principle upon which civilized nations maintain that they have a right to subject uncivilized races to their rule, and to possess themselves of their lands, is that in exchange for the rights they take away they bestow rights more solid, more orderly, and in every way superior. And, in theory, nothing can be more plausible; but in practice the benefit the savage derives from the change is problematical. Civilization is hardly a blessing to be bestowed. Its growth must be internal, though with aids from without; and when the attempt is made to confer it by a superior upon an inferior race, the rule appears to be that it

is rather its vices than its virtues that are communicated. Perhaps this may be because the attempt is not honestly made. Physical and mental superiority, and the insolence of conquest, instigate the invaders to look with contempt upon the aborigines. The inclination to trample upon what is weak is an instinct far more active amongst us than we like to confess; and it is, no doubt, strengthened by the fact that when the civilized man is released from the social and legal restraints under which he has grown up, the savage element in his nature, never wholly obliterated, revives. The will to oppress accompanies the power, and the pioneers of civilization who have gone forth upon their mission with sword and cannon will, probably, exhibit its sterner rather than its meeker features. The Red Indian has proved this. He has receded before the advance of civilization, and his race is dying out under the influence of its blessings. He has learned from his civilizers the use of fire-water and the force of injustice. Nor have the aborigines of Australia been more fortunate. They too will soon have perished off the face of the soil which was once their own. And though it may be better that it should be held and cultivated by the men who have displaced them, the history of their extermination and decay is hardly one of which we can be proud.

At a ball given some time ago at Government House, Hobart Town, four strange figures made their appearance to testify in person to the advantages which civilization has conferred upon their race. One was the last male aboriginal inhabitant of Tasmania, the three others were the last aboriginal women. These four represented an aboriginal population numbering, when at the beginning of the century, we first undertook to civilize them, some accounts say 7,000, others from 4,000 to 5,000. In those days, it is admitted, they were a harmless people, and it might have been possible by treatment inspired by charity and justice, to raise them in the scale of humanity, and make them efficient aids in carrying out the work of colonization. But our savages had to confront Christians more savage than themselves, and it was not long before they had bitter experience of the civilization which had alighted upon their shores. We may judge how atrocious were the acts of the settlers when we find Governor Collins, in 1810, issuing an order to the effect that any one detected in firing wantonly upon the natives, or murdering

them in "cold blood" should suffer the extreme penalties of the law. But offences short of this mark seem to have been indulgently regarded even by the governor. If, in a frolic spirit, a settler lopped off the ears of a boy, or if he was of an ingenious turn of mind and cut off the little finger of a native to use it as a tobacco-stopper, he was only flogged. The mere kidnapping of children and outraging of women seem to have been offences without penalties. And as governor succeeded governor the condition of the aborigines grew worse instead of better. Governor Davey succeeded Governor Collins in 1813, and reigned till 1817. During his term of office firing upon natives was common. In the reign of his successor, Governor Sorell, one scoundrel publicly boasted that, having captured a native woman whose husband he had killed and beheaded, he strung the bleeding head to her neck, and drove her before him as his prize. Thus by mutilation, by outrage, and by murder, civilization succeeded in little more than a quarter of a century in reducing the number of natives to about 2,000. When Colonel Arthur assumed the rule of the colony, in 1824, he found that the aborigines had become so sensible of the blessings that had been conferred upon them, and so disposed to retaliate in kind, that their last state was worse than their first. They had not, like Shyllock, "bettered their instruction." That was hardly possible. But they had so effectually endeavoured to act up to it that the work of civilization had culminated in the retaliation of atrocity for atrocity, till it became necessary in the interests of good government for the Christians to take a "decided step." They rallied to the number of 5,000, in the hope of hemming the aborigines in, and driving them *en masse* into Tasman's Peninsula. But even of this exploit civilization made but a poor hand. The result of its marshalling in arms was two natives captured and one soldier wounded; and when the "black war" terminated in this fiasco, no resource could be hit upon but to abandon intimidation, and to lure the natives by mild persuasion into a confidence which was no sooner established than it was betrayed. One by one, or in beves, as they fell into the hands of the settlers, they were conveyed to Flinder's Island. There, as it was anticipated, they rapidly died out. And now, after sixty years' possession, three old women and one male are the trophies of our civilization. All the aborigines of Tasmania but these four, who figured at the

last government ball, are gone. We have civilized them off the face of the earth.

Of course it was "inevitable." The weaker race gives way before the stronger. Some people say that this is the law of Providence. There is a touch of blasphemy in a doctrine which lays to the charge of Providence the vices and cruelty of man. It is possible that, without these vices, the aborigines of any territory into which a superior race finds its way may, by constitutional incapacity to mingle with the new stream of life and become part of it, and rise or approximate to its vitality, decay and die out. But this is not the case which is before us. We have to contemplate in the four black guests at the Government ball the relics of an exterminated race. Of the 5,000 aborigines whom we found in Tasmania sixty years ago, one male survives and three women. This waste of life was not the work of Providence, but our own special work. It is better, no doubt, that the race of blacks is so nearly extinct; but it is so, because they are at last released from the tender mercies of the whites.

From the Saturday Review.

CLEOPATRA.*

The entertaining game of whitewashing—or, to use a politer term, rehabilitating—historical characters of doubtful fame is going on merrily. All the cherished monsters and villains of our earlier days are being taken from us, one after the other, and soon there will not be a single bugbear left with which to frighten the youthful student of history, and point to him a perceptible moral. Henry VIII. has been deprived of his well-worn reputation for brutality, Richard III. has lost his moral as well as his physical hump, Robespierre's green visage is green no more, Tilly has been transmuted into a respectable War-Christian, the Tiberius of Tacitus has been consigned to limbo, and Nero must henceforth be mentioned with respect. And, now that the supply of male monsters begins to fall short, the turn of the female has come, and one more unfortunate has been added to the list in the persons of the ill-used Cleopatra.

M. Adolf Stahr, to whose fertile pen we owe this most recent *tour de force*, is already known as an active and enterprising "rehabilitator." It is impossible to read anything written by him without pleasure; nor

has he ever appeared to greater advantage than in his last two publications, forming part of a projected gallery of "Pictures from Antiquity." The first of these was a well-sustained vindication of Tiberius as a ruler and a man. It received less attention than it deserved, on account perhaps of the contemporaneous appearance of Mr. Merivale's volumes on the same period of Roman Empire, which, upon the whole, treated the character of Tiberius in the same spirit, but with less vehemence and more exhaustiveness of criticism. Both writers, widely different in their habits of mind and style, had set themselves the same task of weighing the evidence of Tacitus in the balance, and pointing out the asperations which his political bias and blinding prejudice had cast upon a most remarkable man. In this endeavor each, after his own fashion, succeeded; and M. Stahr was sufficiently delighted with the success of his attempt to set to work immediately upon another popular character of Roman history, which seems to have particular attractions for his ardent mind. The tone of his book on Cleopatra would be extremely affecting if it were not also slightly ludicrous. M. Stahr throughout speaks of Cleopatra with the vehement gallantry of a champion rescuing a lovely woman in distress; and runs amuck against poor Plutarch and Dio Cassius, and against book-worms and pedants in general, like a Don Quixote armed with a classical Dictionary. He never pauses to make the reflection that Cleopatra has not met with so very hard treatment, after all, at the hands of an unfeeling posterity. He will vindicate her fame, and nobody shall prevent him.

Probably M. Stahr thinks himself too much a child of nature, and man of the world at the same time, to allow that he belongs to any school of modern historians of Rome. He has, however, adopted most of the shibboleths of the young and lusty school of whom the brilliant Professor Mommsen is the acknowledged chief. The prime articles of their faith are that there was but one Cæsar, that the aristocracy whom he overthrew was a rotten body of selfish impostors, and that its prophet Cicero was the most contemptible impostor of them all. Against the latter view, which is constantly being advanced with an air of the most startling novelty, it is impossible too frequently and too strongly to protest. Cicero was not a strong character, but his assailants have in vain been defied to prove him a dishonest one. What right has M. Stahr to declare Cicero's opinion of the character of Cleopatra's father, Ptolemæus

* Cleopatra. Von Adolf Stahr. Berlin: 1864.

Auletes, worthless, because Cicero was himself "implicated in the dirty intrigues and corruption by which the exiled monarch for years at Rome attempted to bring about his reinstatement"? So far from having a word of decent compassion, if not of indignation, for the orator's death, he considers that to have spared him would have been "superhuman virtue" on the part of Antonius, whose most passionate and "most unscientific" enemy he had been. This violent prejudice goes so far as to make M. Stahr decry Cicero's authority as a literary critic of Antonius' style, by abusing him as a peddling "syllable-monger" (*Syblenstecher*).

But if M. Stahr is as vehement in his hates as he is ardent in his loves, in everything pertaining to criticism of the ancient authorities he affects the judicial calmness of a grammatical commentary. This is the manner of his school, inherited in the first instance from the great father of critical Roman history, Niebuhr. But a master's hand is needed to use the weapon aright. M. Stahr appears to conceive himself gifted with a kind of second-sight in discovering the original sources of the ancient writers' accounts, compared with which Niebuhr's extraordinary hits in that line are mere child's-play. The brilliancy of M. Stahr's discoveries is at first very dazzling, but fades away a little on closer examination. Thus he is anxious to prove the story to be a mere fable, according to which Antonius, after his defeat at Actium, built himself a pier with a palace on it at Alexandria, and shut himself up inside in gloomy despair—a story adopted by both Drumann and Merivale. To prove the story worthless, it suffices for M. Stahr to point "with tolerable probability" to its source, which he asserts to be the epic poet C. Rabirius, fragments of whose poems *De Bello Alexandrino* were found at Herculaneum, and from which Seneca quotes the passage:—

Hoc habeo, quodeunque dedi.

This may or may not be the case; but why is this same Rabirius afterwards quoted as good authority to support M. Stahr's attempt to disprove Cleopatra's betrayal of Pelusium to Octavianus? And this very Rabirius will afford us another instance of M. Stahr's ingenious but transparent method of playing with his authorities. In a note to p. 240, a long passage is quoted from this writer, descriptive of Cleopatra's experiments in various kinds of poison not long before her death, which the poet represents her as having made on several human beings in the public market-place, amidst a great con-

course of people. Surely, M. Stahr remarks with much show of reason, the poet here colored too strongly for the benefit of the Roman public, in representing that as having been done under the glare of publicity "which Cleopatra at the most attempted in private, in the retirement of her palace, in the presence of her physician Olympus." And yet, in the very next page, when M. Stahr wishes to show Cleopatra's skill in frustrating the endeavors of Octavianus to obtain possession of her person as an adornment of his triumph in Rome, he says:—"Those preparations for death and experiments in poisoning had been carried on *quite openly*, for the very reason that she wished her adversary to hear of them." Again, the exertions of Antonius in his unfortunate Parthian campaign are stated to be undeniable because, according to Heeren, Plutarch based his narrative of them on the adverse testimony of Q. Dellius. But Antonius' desertion of Octavia and return to Alexandria, as recounted by Plutarch, are asserted to have received a false coloring, because, according to M. Stahr, Plutarch's sources in this case were the memoirs of Octavianus. For M. Stahr's view of Cleopatra's flight from Actium we have an express testimony in Dio Cassius, which disproves an insinuation in a contrary sense in Plutarch. Yet subsequently, in the account of the negotiations between Cleopatra and Octavianus, the origin of the narrative of Dio Cassius, "unfavorable and hostile to the memory of Cleopatra," is to be sought in the statements of Octavianus and his followers; while the other story, which Plutarch adopted in this part of his biography of Antonius, although in many respects poetically colored, "comes nearer to the truth, and places in its right light the conduct of Octavianus towards the unhappy conquered woman."

So much for M. Stahr's method, of which it is needless to multiply instances. As for the substance of his book, it entirely fails in our opinion, in casting any new light on the troubled life of the Egyptian Queen which would justify the world in modifying to any considerable extent the view which it generally takes of her "memory." We agree with M. Stahr's reiterated assertion that her whole life was a long-sustained endeavor to maintain herself on her father's throne. Why, then, does he, carried away as usual by the occasion, in one instance attempt to show that she intended a great deal more than this? The very scanty knowledge we possess about her relation to Julius Cæsar he has enthusiastically worked up into a romantic picture, beginning with the mattress

in which she had herself conveyed to Cæsar's chamber, and culminating in her wish and determination "to share as queen at the side of the proud Roman conqueror his rule over the world." It was she who, according to M. Stahr, determined Cæsar to the expedition against the Parthians, which only his death prevented. Her conduct after the dictator's death was, to say the least, doubtful; but it is at all events certain that she never intended to throw in her lot with the Triumvirs, and Antonius in particular, until after Philippi. Then, with swift readiness, she formed her resolve, and all at once at Tarsus came, saw, and conquered Antonius. As to her influence on him, it is not very profitable to speculate on the question whether she "loved" him or not. At all events, her obvious interest was quite sufficient to guide her conduct, even without the absorbing affection which, according to M. Stahr, brought "her heart into play." To Antonius, as to the bird charmed by the serpent, her attraction was fatal from first to last. His first sojourn in Egypt even M. Stahr—who loves Antonius with a love passing that of a biographer—allows to have been a frittering away of time; his return to Cleopatra, after his interview with Octavianus on the Galesus in the year 36, was his ruin. Very feebly M. Stahr at first attempts to palliate his desertion of Octavia by reminding us that she "was with child, and he did not wish to expose her to the sea-voyage and the dangers of the war in the East." But those who condemn the act as a breach of faith, M. Stahr roundly salutes as mere book-worms (*Stubengelehrte*), who cannot, like himself, recognise in the deed the dictates of a "psychological" necessity. We may not blame Cleopatra for the failure of the Parthian expedition; but that she delayed the march of vengeance into Media it seems impossible to deny. And now ensues the period of Cleopatra's influence over Antonius, which swiftly and surely dragged him towards his fall. His holding a triumph in Alexandria was the first open sign of his treason against Rome.

When he had become an Egyptian, and was giving away provinces of the Roman Republic to his Egyptian concubine and bastards, he made the cause of Octavianus the cause of Rome. Even his own remaining friends in Italy called aloud for his separation from Cleopatra, as his only chance of salvation. M. Stahr says that the "absurdest" rumors spread about him had gained the ears of the Roman populace, declaring him to have already given away Rome to his concubine, and to have resolved

to transfer the seat of the Roman Empire to Alexandria. The former rumor was scarcely absurd, and of the truth of the latter there were numerous strong indications. Whether the woman who lured Antonius to destruction betrayed him when it came upon him, it is now very difficult either to affirm or to deny. That she deserted him at Actium, is certain. It is to no purpose that M. Stahr quotes Dio Cassius, and appeals to the authority of Mr. Merivale, for the statement that she and Antonius had agreed upon effecting a retreat by sea in case of the defeat of his fleet. Cleopatra fled before the defeat had taken place, and alone. Antonius followed her, "Perhaps," says M. Stahr, "to make her sail back, or to give her a decisive turn to the battle with her aid." All we know is that she fled, and that his infatuated pursuit of her lost him both battle and empire. The events connected with the meeting of Octavianus and Cleopatra, his attempts to obtain possession of her alive, and her successful elusion of them, are narrated by M. Stahr in the light most favourable to his heroine; in any case they cannot much influence our opinion of her character, as anything might be pardoned to a queen and to a woman in extremity.

In conclusion, M. Stahr has been unable to avoid incidental illustrations of Cleopatra's character which tally ill with his endeavour to raise her relation to Antonius to the level of the loves of Pericles and Aspasia. As for Antonius, M. Stahr goes very near the truth when, in an ungarded moment, he compares him to Murat. Cleopatra was a Greek no doubt, with many of the charms of Greek culture, but these were obscured in her by the darker traits belonging to all Oriental despots. Murder and violence were weapons which she employed as familiarly as her smiles. The first boon which she craved of Antonius was the death of her sister Arsinoë, whom his soldiers dragged out of the sanctuary of Artemis at Miletus. Human life and happiness were playthings in the hand of the beautiful queen, and the frequent stories of her violence and cruelty towards her slaves show her to have had the claws as well as the beauty of the tiger. Shakspeare, whose testimony as that of a diviner of the truth M. Stahr is never tired of quoting when he can quote it to his purpose, in order to show that he has inspiration as well as evidence on his side, saw and reproduced this side of her character. No wonder, then, that the "great fairy" appeared a "foul Egyptian" in the eyes of the Roman world. Her gorgeous feasts, her palaces crowded with eunuchs, her

gaudy-days when Egyptian music sounded and Egyptian rites were performed, might well fill the imagination of Propertius, till he saw in her the latest and most awful type of woman in her most dangerous aspect. M. Stahr accuses the poet of the meanest flattery, which fills him with disgust, but the instinct of the Roman world which animated him was nevertheless no false one. It directed the patriotism as well as the prejudice of Rome to a great effort against the Isis and Osiris of Alexandria, even though its end could only be subjection to a cold and unloveable master like Octavianus.

"A LIFE OF LIBERTY."

BY MISS LETITIA A. WARING.

Father ! I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see :
I ask Thee for a subject mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with saints
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

My God, I ask for daily strength,
To none that ask denied —
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
Thy will allots to me,
Still be my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
And careful less to serve Thee much,
Than please Thee perfectly.

Briers beset my every path,
Which call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
My secret heart is taught " the truth "
That makes Thy children " free ; "
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty !

"I AM PAPA'S."

" Come, Lily, be my little girl,
And love me every day,
And I will give you pretty birds,
And toys with which to play."
She glanced up with her sweet gray eyes,
And looked into my face.
A look of innocent surprise,
Then said with modest grace, —
" I am papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away."

" But think," I urged, " how many things
I'll give you if you will :
A garden full of rarest flowers,
Where you may pick your fill."
A smile played on her dimpled face,
But yet she answered low, —
" Though dearly I do love sweet flowers,
I'm sure I cannot go.
I am papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away."

A little pony you shall have,
With saddle of the brightest red ;
And every day with grass and oats
He shall by your own hand be fed."
Her bright eyes sparkled, — " I should like
To ride that pony very much,
To feed him all myself, and find
He was obedient to my touch.
But I'm papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away."

" Dear child," I cried, and clasped her tight,
" I'm glad you love your father so,
But there is ONE whom 't would be right
To love even dearer still, you know,
He gives you all your daily food,
Your many pleasures too, He gives,
He gave that loving father good,
'Tis due to God that he still lives.
Dear child, oh ! may you ever say,
I am God's child, and Him obey."

Children's songs from the Hill side.